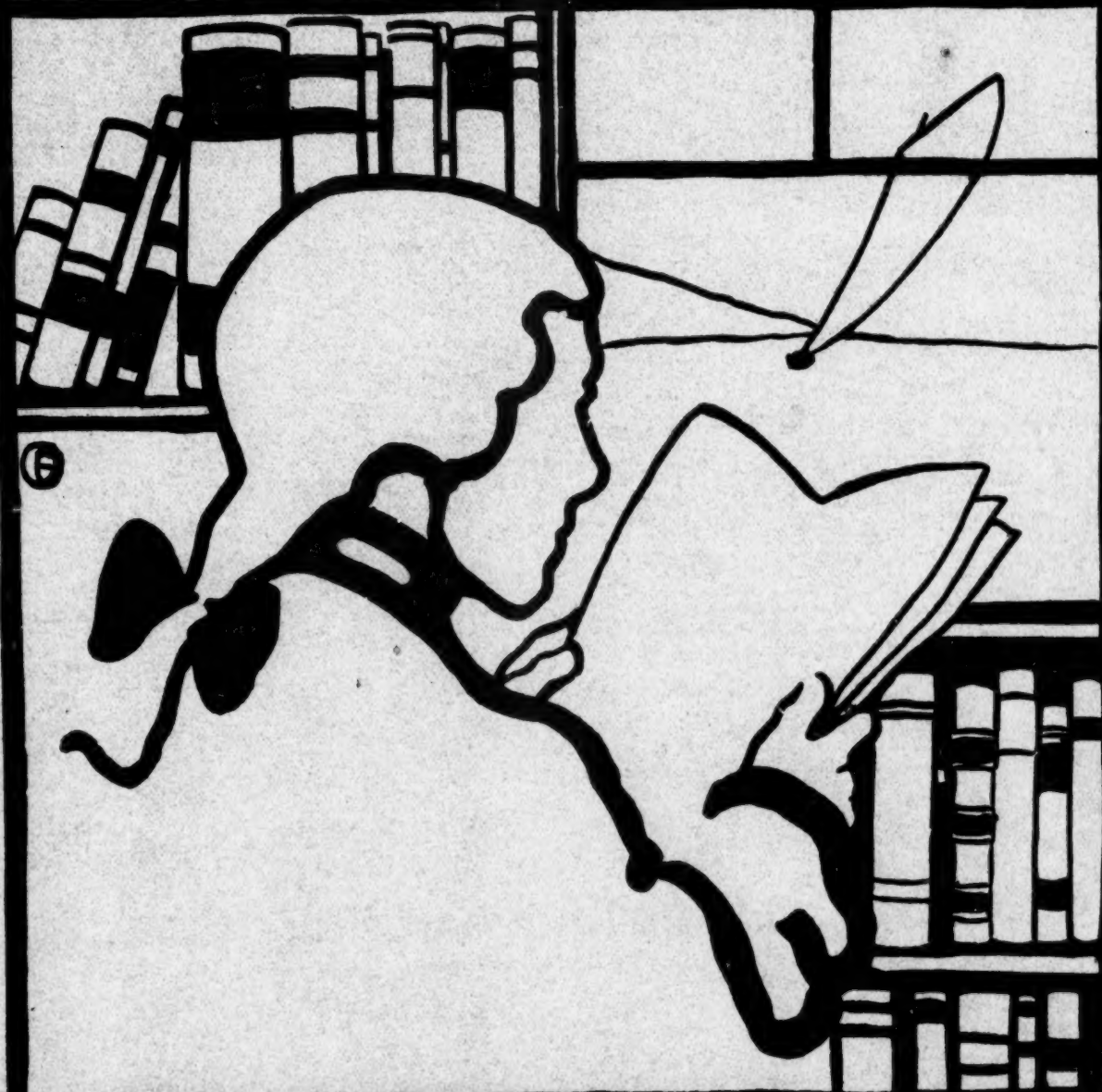


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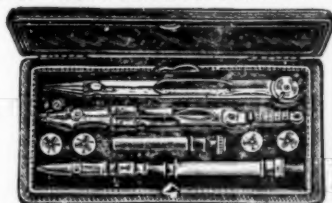
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The Literary Week.

A CURIOUS question of literary ethics is suggested—we must assume, unwittingly—by an article in this week's issue of the "Literary World." It is the leading article; it is entitled "Dual Personalities," and is hung upon the Uniform Edition of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Wessex Poems." We began reading it with interest, interest became wonder, wonder passed into vague reminiscence, reminiscence begot research, and research disclosed the fact that that very article appeared under the title "Novelist Poets" in the ACADEMY of February 14, 1903. In fact, the whole article—more than three columns and a half in length—is lifted bodily from our pages into the pages of our contemporary, without the alteration of a single word beyond one or two in the first line. Now the question is whether A. N., whose initials appear at the foot of the article, is justified, on the strength of running his pen through a word or two in the opening line of the original, in regarding himself as its author. We do not for a moment suppose that the editor of the "Literary World" would be so dishonest or so foolish as to steal where immediate detection was certain. The only conclusion we can arrive at is that A. N. felt he could get a better article out of the ACADEMY than he could find in his own head. At any rate, his choice of a title—"Dual Personalities!"—shows a cynical humour which gives the final touch of insolence to his singular audacity.

THE Life of Lord Beaconsfield, on the writing of which Mr. Wilfrid Meynell has been engaged for the best part of a year, is now finished, and the work, which will consist of two volumes, may be expected in September. While the book was in progress Mr. Meynell had unexpectedly placed at his disposal an interesting and important collection of letters from Disraeli to a private friend, letters of which the existence was unknown to all but the recipient. The inclusion of these amplified the plan of the work, and while it delayed completion, will, it is expected, clarify many of the obscurities in the life of the

least known and most misunderstood of our famous men. Mrs. Meynell, who is staying at a secluded spot in the New Forest, is engaged on a work which has for subject the children of the great Italian painters. It will be, of course, illustrated, and will appear towards the end of the year.

DR. ARTHUR EVANS has ceased, for the time, his great labours in Crete, whereby he is entirely reconstructing what is, to us Westerns, the most important epoch in history. The question has been asked, Where are his treasures to be stored? and many who saw his exhibition at Burlington House last winter have hoped that some of them might find their way, considering Dr. Evans' nationality, to the British Museum. It is now reported from Munich, however, that the foundation-stone of a Cretan Museum has been laid in Candia, wherein there will be stored all the priceless antiquities which have already rewarded Dr. Evans for his spadework in Knossos. Remembering the shame of the Elgin marbles, we can only say that this is well. Crete, to which we owe a debt that is as yet inestimable, is surely entitled to the possession of those great beginnings of fine art and those significant clay tablets with which she initiated European history three thousand five hundred years ago.

THE new and very welcome re-issue of Robert Stephen Hawker's "Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall" contains an interesting preface by Mr. C. E. Byles. Hawker's prose has not the reputation of his verse; his success as a ballad-maker rather overshadowed his claims as a writer of prose. But it is admirable prose—strong, simple, broad, with a living breath in it. Mr. Byles says: "There is an element of fiction in Hawker's biographical studies. He never let facts, or the absence of them, stand in the way of his imagination, and he had a Chattertonian habit of passing off compositions of his own as ancient manuscripts." This mystifying faculty of Hawker's has been a rock of offence to some of his critics, but nowadays we are not much concerned with the precise accuracy of his work. The impression is vivid and true, and that is enough.

THE discussion started by Mr. Augustine Birrell on copyright in titles of books has crossed the Atlantic by way of Mr. Alden, and continues in the "New York Times Saturday Review." There is, in fact, no copyright in titles, and if a writer chooses to call his forthcoming novel "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" he can do so with impunity. This may console harassed novelists who after casting about for and finding an appropriate title discover that it is appropriated. It will be good news to the novelist who has just found the title that he wants, says Mr. Alden, to know that he need not give it up because ten or fifteen years ago some utterly forgotten book was published with the same title. But among authors of repute courtesy is the rule. A few years ago Mr. Percy White, having sent "A Passionate Pilgrim" to the press, suddenly remembered that this was the title of one of Mr. Henry James's stories. A letter of explanation from Mr. White brought a graceful note of surrender from Mr. James. A little later two novelists—and friends—found that they were on the point of publishing novels with an identical title. That, of course, would have spelled confusion. As a result of the friendly agreement it was Mr. Gissing who retained the right to "The Whirlpool."

To the September number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" Mr. William Archer contributes a most interesting appreciation of the late Mr. W. E. Henley. Here is the account of the first meeting of the two men:—

In the summer of 1879, when the Comédie Française paid its memorable visit to the Gaiety Theatre, the back row of the stalls (which covered the whole floor of the house) was mainly devoted to the critics. There, night after night, one used to see the same faces; and very often the seat next to mine was occupied by a man, wholly unknown to me, who excited my keenest curiosity. He partly supported his large-boned, burly frame upon a stick or crutch, which, on arriving, he thrust under his seat. Everything about him was on a large scale, as of a torso rough-hewn by Michael Angelo. His rugged, deep-lined face was crowned with an upstanding jungle of crisp reddish hair, which looked as though, at the slightest touch, it would sparkle with electricity. His light-blue, watery eyes produced an impression (fallacious, I believe) of near-sightedness; and he used his opera-glass a great deal. He seldom or never sat out a whole performance; but what he did see he took in with nervous intensity. He rubbed his hands together, hugged his elbows to his sides, and gave vent to semi-articulate ejaculations of pleasure or of contempt. Had there been any affectation or self-consciousness in his demeanour it would have been unbearable; but he was evidently quite oblivious of his surroundings and wholly given up to the artistic sensation of the moment. He seemed to know nobody; and as I was in the same condition, I wondered in vain who he was. His personality left an indelible mark on my memory. I thought of him as a sort of maimed Berserker, dropped by some anachronistic freak of destiny into the Gaiety stalls. Even if I had never seen him again and never succeeded in identifying him, I doubt not that my vision of him would have been distinct to this day.

MR. ARCHER writes quite untrammelled by the personal admiration with which Mr. Henley inspired so many. Yet, although the two were personally almost antagonistic, it will be remembered that Mr. Archer some years ago quoted the verses beginning:—

Out of the night that covers me—

as the finest lyric expression of stoicism. Here is Mr. Archer's characteristically honest exposition of his attitude:—

Several years later, some business occasion which I forget led me to call upon Mr. W. E. Henley, then editor of the "Magazine of Art"; and in him I recognised my strange stall-mate of the Gaiety. Of the details of our interview I

remember only this: I had shaken hands with him, and was opening the door to go, when he turned sharp round upon me and said, "By the way—one thing more! What are your politics?"

"Well," I replied, taken aback, as though a pistol had suddenly been held to my head, "that is rather a large order."

"In one word," he said, "—are you a Conservative?"

"In one word," I replied, "—no!"

"Oh!" was his sole comment; and, though the vowel rhymed to the ear, it expressed to the mind a sharp and untunable dissonance.

The incident seemed worth recording, not only because it was characteristic of the man, but because it shows, I hope, that my estimate of his work is uninflated by partisanship. Neither in politics nor in literature was I ever of his following. One article, indeed, I wrote for the "Scots Observer"—and he rejected it. Apart from mere differences of opinion, I never had any love for the swashbuckling style of journalism which he introduced, or revived. More than once, on some trifling occasion, I ventured to cross swords with him. But from the moment when his first "Book of Verses" came into my hands, I have never doubted that we had in him a poet of the truest and rarest breed.

In the same number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" Mr. William Sharp, under the heading of "Literary Geography," writes of the country of Robert Louis Stevenson. It was on the platform at Waterloo Station that Mr. Sharp first encountered Stevenson, not knowing who he was.

He was tall, thin, spare—indeed, he struck me as almost fantastically spare: I remember thinking that the station draught caught him like a torn leaf flowing at the end of a branch. His clothes hung about him, as the clothes of a convalescent who has lost bulk and weight after long fever. He had on a jacket of brown velveteen—I cannot swear to the colour, but that detail always comes back in the recalled picture—a flannel shirt with a loose necktie negligently bundled into a sailor's-knot, somewhat fantastical trousers, though no doubt this effect was due in part to their limp amplitude about what seemed rather the thin green poles familiar in dalia-pots than the legs of a human creature. He wore a straw hat, that in its rear rim suggested forgetfulness on the part of its wearer, who had apparently, in sleep or heedlessness, treated it as a cloth cap. These, however, were details in themselves trivial, and were not consciously noted till later. The long, narrow face, then almost shallow, with somewhat long, loose, dark hair, that dragged from beneath the yellow straw hat well over the ears, along the dusky hollows of temple and cheek, was what immediately attracted attention. But the extraordinariness of the impression was of a man who had just been rescued from the sea or a river. Except for the fact that his clothes did not drip, that the long black locks hung limp but not moist, and that the short velveteen jacket was disreputable but not damp, this impression of a man just come or taken from the water was overwhelming.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC has concluded his admirable series of studies of the poets of the French Renaissance in the "Pilot" with an essay on Malherbe. The French Renaissance ended, as was inevitable, in the Classic. "The fate of all that exuberance," says Mr. Belloc, "was to find order, and that creative chaos settled down to the obedience of unchanging laws." Malherbe was the prophet and the accomplisher of the new order. When the modern romantic revival came Malherbe became the butt of the brilliant revolutionaries, and the brilliant revolutionaries thought they had killed him. But Victor Hugo himself, disdaining the Classic, was strongly influenced by it, and to-day it rules with increasing power in France. And the reason is not far to seek. The memory of nations is stronger than the efforts of individuals, and memory develops "the somewhat unelastic wisdom of old age." Enthusiasm does not last, and so the Classic becomes a natural effect of the turbulent cause. And Malherbe was

accepted as the man for the work; he decided metres, the order of emphasis and so forth, and no man questioned his right. In quantity his work was very small; he polished and repolished until he had attained what he conceived to be perfection. How lacking he was in the intuitive instinct for perfection certain of his letters, not originally written for publication, show. His passion for the purity of the French tongue never slept. When he lay a-dying his nurse said something ungrammatical, and he set her right with some violence. The confessor at his bedside said: "The time is not relevant." To which Malherbe replied: "All times are relevant. I will defend with my last breath the purity and grandeur of the French tongue." Mr. Belloc well says of him:—

To such a man the meaning of the solution at which his people had arrived after a century of civil war lay, above all, in their ancient religion. On that converged those deeper and more permanent things in his soul of which even his patriotism and his literary zeal were but the surface. In the expression of that final solution his verse, which was hardly that of a poet, rises high into poetry; under the heat and pressure of his faith single lines here and there have crystallised into diamonds.

THERE is always a doubt whether a school of journalism or a school of acting can teach anything worth knowing. But Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the "New York World," is willing to give £200,000 (and a promise of an equal sum in three years' time) to found a faculty of journalism in the Columbia University of New York, and we shall be interested to see the effect in the future of the "New York World." The course is to include "Newspaper Administration," "Newspaper Manufacture," "The Law of Journalism," "The Ethics of Journalism," and so forth, while history, government, geography, and political economy will have a place.

If you could teach a man to see—or to be a capable editor—by means of lectures, such a course might be valuable, though much of it would be superfluous. An intelligent youth can pick up all he need know of the law of journalism in twenty minutes. Nor does the journalist require a special form of history or political economy. Given the natural aptitude, and a good general education, the journalist is better left to follow his own line. The "trained journalist" is always the least interesting to read. There remains the purely mechanical side of reporting. And here we have the "George Steevens Scholarship" at the City of London School which has given rise to the journalistic department successfully organised by Mr. William Hill. Beyond that, all that is necessary is a healthy body, a pair of eyes, and a brain behind them. The mysteries of journalism are a popular delusion.

Is there a standard of pronunciation in English? That is the question which the "Literary Digest" of New York propounds, incited by the uncertainty of Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale University. Differences even among educated people are common enough, and the two sides of the Atlantic have never agreed as to the syllable emphasised in "advertisement," or whether "schedule" should be "shedyul" or "skedyul"; even in London there is no agreement about the aspirate in "hotel." There is no standard, we fear, but the best usage, and there was a time, when Walker was young, at which "cowcumber" was admitted to the best circles with "sparrowgrass." Germany—in spite of the boast of Hanover that its pronunciation is the purest—recognises the usage of the stage, which knows neither North nor South, Berlin nor Hanover. We cannot recognise the English stage as the standard-maker. And failing that, there is no other but

such general usage as we encounter in our vicinity. It depends on latitude and longitude whether we say "waughter," "wotter," or "watter" when we want a bath.

SOME authors—Mr. H. G. Wells among the number—have had to announce that their novels were not autobiographical, though they looked so real. Mr. Roger Pocock is disturbed because his recently published work, "A Frontiersman," has been taken as a novel, though it is an autobiography. And he has issued the following statutory declaration, clamped by every appropriate legal formula:—

Whereas certain journals have reviewed my Book entitled "A Frontiersman," as if it were a Novel to the grave detriment of its chances of Public favour. I, Roger Pocock, of Adam Street, Adelphi, do solemnly and sincerely declare that my said Book is an Autobiography and a literal statement of facts, save that to avoid causing pain or injury certain names and dates have been suppressed. And I make this solemn Declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act 1835.

We have not fallen into this horrible blunder in the review we hope to publish next week; but for the sake of others we reproduce the above with due solemnity.

THE "Photo Miniature" this month is devoted to the subject of press-photography, and seeks to point the way to the American journalist who works with a camera. In case of murder, the spot, he is informed, is so closely guarded by the police that intimate photography is difficult. "It is greatly to be desired that a picture should be obtained of the room in which the crime was committed, of the murderer, or the suspected party, and of the victim, if possible." Tact and small change are here more helpful than a blameless life. And with these it is not hard to obtain police permission to photograph the criminal in his cell. The American editor "invariably wants pictures of accidents," and "he will be a spy press photographer" who can get word of an accident and arrive in time to snapshot the horrible details. We are given a mild illustration of the profitable accident. "An accident of this kind makes good 'copy' for the press photographer," we are told in a footnote. But how rarely do we have the good fortune to encounter a railway engine which has burst through the overhead station and is sprawling on its stomach in the roadway below!

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, it appears, has committed himself to the rash statement that he will write no more novels. In the future he intends to devote himself to play writing, apparently because a friend of his is said to have earned ten times as much by his plays as Mr. Davis has earned by his novels. Mr. Davis would seem to be very certain of his own powers. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Davis the playwright will find Mr. Davis the novelist forgotten, in which case what remains but a return to the old occupation? We need not refer to the questions of temperament or art, for these do not come in, we must suppose.

THE dead hand still lives in "Punch," and tears will mingle with the laughter of those who admire the clean swift lines of the full-page picture of the novice at the provincial race-meeting. In the middle of the picture, though least prominent of the four figures, is one with rakish hat, cigar in the corner of the mouth, and a twisted smile on the lips—Phil May. He laughed at all things, including himself. But there is something pathetic in the sight of Phil May laughing at himself—as it were—in the grave.

THE "British Weekly" is authorised to declare that the writer of the "MS. in a Red Box" is the Rev. J. A. Hamilton, Congregational Minister at Penzance. The story of the discovery is told by his friend, the Rev. W. Wood, of Newport, Fife, who some time ago had the MS. in his possession, and knew that it had been sent to some London publisher, whose name he did not know. Thus he continues:—

Later in the evening I remembered that I had a number of letters I wanted to destroy before leaving for the South. I sat tearing them up, and throwing them into a waste-paper basket. I came upon one from Mr. Hamilton, and tore it in two. I was just going to tear it again when I thought, "I wonder if that is the letter in which Hamilton mentions the name of the publisher to whom he had sent his novel." I looked and read, "The MS. now lies with John Lane, of the Bodley Head." At this point I began to get excited. My friend's MS. had been returned by me to him in March. The article in the newspaper stated that the mysterious MS. had been received by John Lane in April. This letter was dated the 9th May.

Mr. Wood, coming to London, had an interview with Mr. Lane's manager, who was cold and suspicious at first. But after lunch at the Monico "it was established beyond all doubt that the author of the 'MS. in a Red Box' was the Rev. John A. Hamilton, of Penzance; but as the book was then nearing publication, Mr. Jenkins undertook the responsibility of keeping Mr. Lane in ignorance of the identity of the author until the book was published." This looks fairly conclusive, though one would like to have Mr. Lane's confirmation.

Bibliographical.

WITH reference to a recent note of mine, a clerical correspondent in the country asks me to say what is the objection to the word "reliable," and why it should be stamped out any more than the word "deniable." "The word 'rely,'" he observes, "is found in the English Bible, though originally what Skeat calls 'a barbarous compound.' Two words are better than one, because they always take on shades of meaning, and so the language is enriched. In the word 'trustworthy' there is implied something more of the moral element than in 'reliable.' One says of a cricketer that 'he is a beautiful bat, but not very reliable.' It seems to me that in such a case the word is more appropriate than 'trustworthy' would be." Undoubtedly "reliable" has taken on a meaning of its own, and, if we regard words simply as so many means by which humanity expresses its thoughts, we need not bother about their origin. But obviously "reliable" and "deniable" do not stand on the same plane. "Deniable" means "can be denied"; "reliable" is used as meaning "can be relied upon"—a different shade of meaning. As a verbal counter, of course, "reliable" has its uses; but as a bit of verbal coinage it cannot be defended.

We are to have biographies of Lady Diana Beauclerc, and Miss Anna Swanwick, as well as the Love Letters of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. The last-named will be edited by Miss Julia Ward Howe, who, it will be remembered, has already written a short biography of her countrywoman. The Memoirs, including the Autobiography, of Margaret Fuller came out in 1852, with notices by Emerson and Channing. There is also a biography by T. W. Higginson. Miss Swanwick is best known, probably, as a translator of Æschylus, Schiller, and Goethe; her biographer will no doubt succeed in drawing attention to her books on miscellaneous subjects, such as "An Utopian Dream," "Poets the Interpreters of their Age," and "Evolution and the Religion of the Future." Mrs. Steuart Erskine's account

of Lady D. Beauclerc should prove informing to the very many people who are unacquainted with the latter's illustrative designs for Buerger's "Leonora" (1796 and 1809), and her drawings for Dryden's "Fables" (1797). Some of these will no doubt be reproduced in Mrs. Erskine's volume.

It is pleasant to note that there is to be a shilling edition of Calverley's "Fly-Leaves," for one would like all good literature to be within the reach of the most slender purse. The little but precious book had its first and second editions in 1872; it did not reach its tenth thousand till 1884. In the following year it was republished in one volume along with the "Verses and Translations." Another welcome new edition is that of Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque," which was first published by Messrs. Kegan Paul in 1881. It was afterwards transferred to Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who issued the second edition in 1887. In those days R. L. S.'s books did not "move" very rapidly.

Talking of Stevenson, I have not observed, in connection with Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "Stevensoniana," any reference to the fact that a short set of "Stevensoniana"—"being a reprint of various literary and pictorial miscellany" (*sic*) "associated with R. L. S., the man and his work"—was published in New York three years ago. Apparently the set ran to half a dozen little pamphlets (almost leaflets) only.

The re-issue of Hawker's "Cornish Ballads and other Poems" reminds one that the "Poetical Works" of Hawker were brought out so recently as 1899 under the editorship of Mr. A. Wallis. They had been preceded in 1893 by the "Prose Works," edited by J. G. Godwin, who had published a life of their author in 1879. The present re-issue of the poems, and the coming re-issue of the prose, will be, I gather, a family affair and "authorised." The new Life of Hawker by Mr. C. E. Byles will also have the benediction of the family.

Very welcome indeed is the "Bibliography of the Historical Works of Dr. Creighton (late Bishop of London), Dr. Stubbs (late Bishop of Oxford), Dr. S. R. Gardiner, and the late Lord Acton," edited for the Royal Historical Society by Dr. W. A. Shaw. It should prove eminently useful to many people, being very full, and, so far as I have tested it, accurate. Dr. Shaw records not only original and edited volumes, but addresses, lectures, articles, essays, and reviews. He has had the valuable assistance in this work of Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Gardiner, the Rev. W. H. Hutton, Dr. C. H. Firth, the present Lord Acton, Mr. R. V. Lawrence, and Mr. T. F. Wetherell, the last-named of whom has been of special service in tracing the late Lord Acton's unsigned contributions to periodicals. These, it would seem, were very much more numerous than was generally known.

I am asked by a correspondent at Bideford to tell him whether Mr. W. H. Hudson's book, "The Purple Land that England Lost: Travels and Adventures in the Banda Oriental, South America: a Romance," is in print. I have good authority for saying that the work (which was published by Messrs. S. Low & Co. in 1885) is now out of print and scarce. The same correspondent desires to know who is the publisher of Mr. Arthur Symonds' translation of "L'Assommoir." That work was "printed," so the title-page tells us, "by the Lutetian Society for private distribution among its members." Strictly speaking, therefore, it has never been "published" at all.

Mr. J. C. L. Clark, of Lancaster, Massachusetts, U.S.A., kindly writes: "To your interesting list of Mr. Henley's publications in book form, in the ACADEMY for July 18, permit me to add his essay on Fielding, which occupies pages v. to xli. in the sixteenth volume of the complete Fielding published last year by Messrs. Croscup and Sterling Co., of New York."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Sidelights on History.

A CATALOGUE OF LETTERS AND OTHER HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS EXHIBITED IN THE LIBRARY AT WELBECK. Compiled by S. Arthur Strong, Librarian to the House of Lords. With Portraits and Numerous Facsimiles. (John Murray. £2 2s.)

IN setting out upon the compilation of this handsome volume, Mr. Strong intended "to trace the course of history as it has passed over Welbeck." On the whole, as we shall show, the result of his enterprise is exceedingly entertaining; but it must be confessed that it was with something of an effort that we read what is presented as the main portion of the book, that which precedes the appendices. It is pleasant to look upon the handwritings of persons so famous as Edward the Confessor, James II., Hobbes, Dean Swift, Joseph Addison, William Pitt, Lord Chatham, and Edmund Burke; but when that is said we have touched upon the most interesting aspect of the main compilation. History as it passed over Welbeck is diligently traced by Mr. Strong; but the track has wide gaps. Between the letters there are frequently long intervals of time; the documents are not in any sense a continuous narrative, and none of them is of high historical importance. To say this is not to blame Mr. Strong. It is only to indicate the nature of the materials that were to his hand. In short, whilst the letters he has published will be useful as what are called footnotes to history, it is only here and there that they move either to curiosity or to mirth. One is very glad to meet the Bishop of Peterborough of 1711. He seems to have been a sorely ill-used prelate; but he bore his adversities with a buoyancy worthy of the hunting parsons of Devonshire in whom Mr. Blackmore delighted.—

I am out of a considerable summe of Ready Money [he wrote to Lord Oxford]: my Circumstances are not like Ministers in first places, so y^t My Lord unlesse I can depend upon the punctuall payment of the Queen's allowances every six months to which I add too much of my own, I am sure you are too much my Friend to expose me to inconveniences abroad, and that you will restore mee to York Buildings, my Bottle of Claret and Dr. Swift, I take it for an ill Omen.

Shortly afterwards, from Ratisbon, the Bishop was able to report himself better charged. His hands were frozen, and he was hardly awake; but—

My comfort is y^e Princes of Germany better bred than we are provide me with meat enough, & Tokai in abundance, & are so well instructed in our affairs that they drink your health to me in most unreasonable Brimmers.

Although it is in an appendix that he makes his chief appearance, the Duke of Newcastle is the real hero of the book. During the reign of Charles II. it was generally felt by anxious observers that the country, as usual, was going to the dogs. The Duke was disposed to share the apprehension; but he was not content to withdraw into privacy, there to be maudlin about the days of the great ones gone for ever and ever by. Instead of weakly yielding to despair, the Duke, though conscious that he was no scholar, having but "seldome or Ever reade anye Bookes," systematically wrote a treatise instructing the King in the art of sovereignty. After a chapter on the Militia, penetrating in a measure which no critic of the modern War Office could surpass, he went very thoroughly into ecclesiastical affairs. He did not mince matters. What, he asked in effect, did Charles take himself to be? Was he a monarch or a registrar? Lest

the King should be hazy in his ideas, the Duke spread out the elements of the problem.—

Monarchy is Governmente In Cheef off the whole Bodye Poletick, In all Itts partes, & Capaseties by one Person only.

So that iff eyther the whole body Poletick bee under anye pretence governed in cheef by more than one generally Itt Is no monarchy.

Ther bee towe mayne Partes off Every Body Poletick Espetialye amongeste Christians, vid: the State Civill, & the State Ecclesiasticall.

If both these states or partes off the Body Poletick bee note governed In cheef by one, & the same Person, theye can nott bee sayde to bee partes off the same Monarchy.

Both these states are nott nor can nott be Governde In cheef by one & the same Person wher the state Ecclesiasticall Is eyther Popishe, or Presbyterian.

Because the State Ecclesiasticall, iff Itt bee Popishe, will bee governde In Cheefe, by none butt the Pope; Ande iff Itt bee Presbyterian Itt will bee Governde In Cheefe by none, butt Itt selfe, the one vid: Popery introducinge another Soverayne; & the other vid Presbytry Erectyng another Soveraignty In the same body Poletick, & consequentlye theye are both off them Destructive unto monarchy.

This thesis the Duke worked out with cogency. Already His Majesty's predecessors had redeemed themselves from "the slavery of the Conclave," and thus there had been a sound settlement with the Pope; but was the King quite clear in his mind as to the dangers which lurked in Presbytery? Being in doubt on that question, the Duke paused to explain the situation. Presbytery, he said, was "Indeed a Bondage so much worse & more Ignominious then Popery, by howe much Itt Is worse to bee subiecte to many Tirants than to one Ande by howe much Itt Is less Ignominious for a King to be a Vasall to a foreyne Prince, then to the meaneste off his owne subiects." Ecclesiastical energy, therefore, should be a monopoly of the Church of England. That admirable body had been instituted by the Apostles, approved by the Primitive Christians, and established by the Princes and Parliaments of our own kingdom; it pretended "to no power over the King at all, nor no power under the King neither, but from him, and by him"; it taught "active obedience to all lawfull commands, and passive obedience even to those commands that are not lawfull, so the authority commanding be not unlawfull." That was the Church for Charles and Merry England! "Therefore," urged the Duke, "establish the Church of England; and thus shall your Majesty be not only absolute King but Pope within your dominions," while the people at large would have "an easy and sweet government in comparison of the other two most tyrannical governments, either Popery or Presbytery." All the clergy were to be strictly orthodox, and only they were to be allowed to preach or to teach. Lecturers were to be suppressed: "Your Majesty knows by too woeful experience that these lectors have preached your Majesty out of your Kingdom." The Bishops were to "look carefully unto school-masters": weavers had been teaching and expounding the Bible in petty schools, "which hath added much to our miseries." Then, his Majesty must keep a close watch over girls. "If they be infected with a weaver's doctrine at first, they will infect their husbands afterwards. Therefore, no teaching of schools, either petty or grammar schools, but such as the Bishops shall allow of and think fit." Besides keeping down lecturers and weavers, the King was to hold the literati in restraint. Books of controversy were to be writ in Latin. "Else the people would be overheated, for controversy is a civil war with the pen, which pulls out the sword soon afterwards." His Majesty "must look betimes to it as soon as it peeps towards sedition; for in the beginnings it is easy to suppress that which, when it hath taken a head, may suppress your Majesty."

Even in these early days England was not without a Fiscal Question. The essential problem was not unlike

that which is now engaging earnest attention. In his treatise for the instruction of the King the Duke of Newcastle showed himself to be a statesman of open mind.—

I have harde [he wrote] much discourse off free trade whatt greate advantage thatt woulde bee for the Comon wealth, I have harde much of this discourse both in Parlamente & oute off Parlamente disputed hottleye, both pro, and Con, & by merchantts,—Butt I coulde never heer Itt well resolvede I am shure never settled.

Still, although there was no formal science of international economics, it would never do to let things drift; and the Duke was unmistakably in favour of retaliation. "Threaten a warr to your Neighbors iff theye doe nott doe your Subiects right," he wrote to the King. It was to be no mere war of tariffs, such as Mr. Disraeli subsequently saw to be the mode of international struggles in the future. The King was to issue "letters of marte," and the captains of the ships thus commissioned were to despoil the enemy thoroughly. Recently Mr. Asquith dropped a hint about some method of retaliation other than that which found favour with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne; Mr. Balfour interpreted the hint as meaning war of the simple blood-and-iron kind; and Mr. Asquith did not gainsay the Minister. He must now be much fortified by finding that his solution of the fiscal problem has sanction in the writings of a great statesman of so many generations ago. It is not upon that Liberal leader alone, however, that the work of the Duke throws encouragement.—

Trade muste bee considerde, that the merchante maye Exporte, more than Importe, that hee Carrye oute more Comodities than hee bringes In . . . thatt hee sells more then hee byes, & then Itt Is moste sertyne thatt the Kingdome muste bee full off moneye, the Staple Comodities off the Kingdome, as Leade, Iron, Tin, Cloth & manye more Comodities off Greate Valeowe;—Itt Is trade & Traffick thatt fills the Kingdome with moneye;—Itt Is nott settinge hyer valewes uppon moneye thatt doth anye good, or debasinge off It, those are butt Shiftes for presente Turnes & doth much hurte afterwarde, besides the Discreditt off Itt,—& none butt poore & necesetated Princes will doe Itt.

Now, those who sit in Parliament, or read the debates there, have within recent weeks been affirming that Mr. Chamberlain has never yet disclosed in detail what his notions really are; but these commentators, some of whom are on one side of the House and some on the other, are quite wrong. While all London has been content with what it has been hearing and reading within the four-mile radius, Mr. Chamberlain has been quietly having the details of his proposition authoritatively expounded through an elaborate serial essay on economics in the "Birmingham Daily Post"; and the policy which the country at large supposes he has still to formulate is founded on the very theory of exports and imports which the Duke of Newcastle impressed upon Charles II. We would fain go on reciting the Duke's ideas, which are remarkably similar to those secretly held by many in the present day, though not often published; but considerations of space forbid. Let us close with the Duke's injunction in regard to times of peace.—

When your Ma^{tie} Is well settled In your Throne, & all your Kingdomes In obedience & Peace & your Ma^{tie} good somes In your Purse, then I should humblye advise your Ma^{tie} to have a warr with one of the Greate Kinges. . . . When a Softe & longe Peace makes a Sivell warr, fomented by Devines & Lawe-yeares, for the People muste bee busied with somethinge, or Else theye will finde worke them selves, though to the Ruin off the Kingdome, Therefore ther Is nothinge like a forren warr, For your Ma^{ties} Safteye & Honor, for the good off your People and Kingdomes,—Ande so the Greate God Ever Bless, Prosper, & Preserve you.

Mr. Strong says that the Duke of Newcastle's treatise displays "a truly English contempt for theory." That is a strange comment. The treatise is aglow with fervid antagonism to certain theories, or feelings, or movements,

that are undefined; but in itself it is brimming over with theories. Whether these are right or wrong is another question, not within our province; but it is notable that some of the Duke's thoughts, all of which he expressed with surprising lucidity and force, are coming into vogue again.

A Home of Simplicity.

CHOTA NAGPORE. By F. B. Bradley-Birt. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. the Earl of Northbrook. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE Palmerstonian invitation, "Now let us look up the condemned place on the map," could not be followed in the case of Chota Nagpore if the map were in the Young Student's Atlas of the reviewer's schooldays. There is reason for this, since, lying though it does in the south-west corner of Bengal, Chota Nagpore proper "is still without a single line of rail." Yet our civilisation is there, presenting, as Lord Northbrook justly says, a contrast to primitive customs which the reader of these pages "is not likely to forget."

To discharge at once a debt which the modest exclusion of his personal affairs from a volume inspired by a residence in Chota Nagpore of two and a half years might cause us to forget, we heartily compliment Mr. Bradley-Birt on his delightful blend of folk-lore, race-portraiture and examples of quaint renderings of the art of life. The one thing we regret is the absence of a glossary, as at least a hundred native terms are scattered through the work.

Before we touch on the more picturesque matter before us we observe that innumerable tribes and castes people Chota Nagpore.

Of these the Hos seem almost too good to be true. The Ho women are incomparable in Chota Nagpore, "generously built, tall, overtopping the men," and clad in a single, becoming, red-bordered white garment, of which the long strip hanging over the shoulder adds "its touch of grace to all their movements." The marriage price or pan of one of these paragons is reckoned, alas, in so many head of cattle that spinsterhood is endemic among them. Their sweetness and sensitiveness as wives could not be exceeded, though the competitor were another Haru out of Lafcadio Hearn's Japan. "There is a saying among them that for the woman reproved by her husband 'nothing remains but the water at the bottom of the well.'"

"The oldest and most characteristic race . . . are the Kols"; to us the Santals appear the most interesting. The pick of the Kols is the Munda tribe, sinewy creatures "of the darkest brown," of whom the girls' ears, like the ears of Captain Webster's Solomon Islanders, "are distorted almost beyond recognition by huge earrings that pierce the lobe, and smaller ones that ornament them all round." The Mundas have an instinct for the dance that a humorist might describe as positively planetary. "I well remember," says our author, "seeing a Munda boy and girl who had been at it steadily for ten hours with only slight intervals for rest and refreshment." The Santal youth have a dance employed at weddings—the Pak Don—in which the ladies have nothing to do but look on while "wearing no clothes but a loin-cloth and rows of jangling bells as anklets . . . they flourish aloft their swords and shields or spring into the air whirling round at the same time with a savage and unearthly yell." Like the ears of Munda maidens, this dance recalls a very different environment—Zululand to wit; but the Zulu War dance, as described in "Cetywayo and his White Neighbours" (1882), had a grandeur, inspired by a natural genius for song and battle, beside which the Santal's performance seems trivial and ignorant, despite its energy well fortified by haria, or rice beer.

Still his jangling ankles and discordant yell are more eloquent of what separates us from the Santal than are (say) his cups made each out of one large sal leaf. They announce the primitive as distinct from the unprogressive; they wake up his kingdom of folk-lore.

That kingdom is a very curious one; and we had Sir George Campbell's word for it (circa 1887) that the Santals, as he called them, might have left it for Christianity if they had not found the Holy Dove (to speak emblematically) did not control the Christian's actions sufficiently to warrant their repudiation of the Centipede and Tortoise whom they thank for the first dry land in the world.

A woman is said to have spoiled our world after the making of man; but in Santal mythology the woman as mischief-maker goes further back. She is the female spirit Malin Budhi, who was entrusted by Thakur, the Supreme Being, with the task of making the forms of two human beings. She succeeded, but when ordered to fetch the human spirit from Thakur's house she disobeyed and brought the bird spirit, because the former was out of reach on a rafter, she being a short spirit. Hence the first human beings became birds who flew disconsolately over the waters of a landless world, seeking a home. The Supreme Being, who seems to have been lacking in resource, accepted useless assistance from Sole Hako (a fish), the crab, and the earthworm. Then the centipede proposed that the tortoise should be the Atlas of the occasion; so upon the tortoise, chained with four iron chains, the earthworm deposited enough earth to form an island. On this island the female bird laid eggs, which hatched a boy and a girl, who were taught to make rice beer.

That is a legend which has a good deal of cunning mixed with its naïveté. England would be submerged, we fancy, boasted ale such a pedigree. The critic must note, too, the mixture of unkindness and large tolerance which go to the legend. The innocent tortoise is condemned to servitude without respite, and a creature whom, with our rooted aversion for legs exceeding "the number of Hermes," we usually loathe, poses as the adviser of heaven.

The Mundas call the Supreme Being "Sing Bonga." He is the sun, and Chandor, the moon, is his wife. Once she was faithless, so he cut her in two, and repented. Hence "he allowed her at times to shine forth in her full beauty, though the fact that she was once cut in half could never be wholly obliterated." Oddly enough, Sing Bonga's campaign of cunning against some rebellious divinities, who turned his white crow-messenger black, account for "a Munda version of Alfred and the cakes." We will not repeat it, but observe that he played a bitter parody on the Christian concept of a propitiatory sacrifice. The result of his entrance into a furnace, in his enactment of the part of sacrifice, was that he emerged absolutely scatheless, "while streams of gold and silver and precious stones poured out on to the ground." Nothing easier, then, than to persuade his rebellious male subjects to enter the furnace *en masse*, as Hansel and Grettel persuaded the witch to enter the oven. Once there, they did not get out; their wives were ordered to blow the bellows, and when they mourned their cremated husbands they were out of pity allowed to wander about Chota Nagpore as bhuts or ghosts.

In Sing Bonga we note yet again how human beings are fundamentally unable to grasp the concept of divine supremacy. The Santals' Supreme Being is taught by a centipede, and the Mundas' victorious god allows his messenger's complexion and that of all its descendants to be permanently changed for the worse by some rebels whom he exterminates by a trick. Christianity would, however, own to inconsistencies equally striking if it were not for the art of theology. The omen—that royal road to reckoning—is picturesquely evident in Chota

Nagpore. The ojha or soothsayer capitalises it and grows fat:—

If anyone's crops or cattle or relatives are bewitched . . . he may resort to the ordeal of planting grains of damp rice for each of the villagers, and he or she whose grain is found to have sprouted during the night is the guilty sorcerer or witch. Or he may plant branches of trees on the edge of a tank, and the one whose branch fades first is guilty of the sin of witchcraft. Or . . . he can pour oil over a quantity of sal leaves and rub them in his hand, reading at last in their distorted shapes . . . the name of him with whom lies the power of the evil eye.

There we have in full bloom the upas tree that poisons science. It is a reminder of our own witch-testing, and whole novels of blackmailing are legible (if we will) upon the hands at which that soothsayer peers. No wonder that the Santals have not even science enough to count:—

Failing a calendar to mark the time, they tie a number of knots on a piece of string. . . . Each morning one of the knots is untied, until the last is reached, when the parties know that the wedding day has come. Invitations to the villagers . . . consist of a similar string of knots, so that they, too, by striking off one each day, can arrive at the date fixed.

It would be easy to run on indefinitely. We must pause, however, after dropping a typographical tear over the Raja who signed away nearly all his possessions while he thought he was merely showing off a much-praised scrawl of which his fleecers affected to be dying to have a sight. He is dead, and, if we are not mistaken, a potent cure for the simplicity of Chota Nagpore exists in a coalfield that in 1901 yielded coal to the value of about four million rupees.

Lamb Again.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB. Edited by William Macdonald. In twelve vols. Vols. I., II., VI., VII. (Dent. 3s. 6d. per vol. net.)

SOMETHING falls to be said, to use a phrase of which Mr. Macdonald is very fond, concerning this edition of Lamb. Four out of the twelve volumes have now been published, enough to give us a flavour of Mr. Macdonald's quality, though not enough to give us an opportunity of testing the value of the additional Lamb matter which Mr. Macdonald promises. The volumes before us contain "The Essays of Elia," "The Last Essays of Elia," "Mrs. Leicester's School" and "The Adventures of Ulysses," and the "Tales from Shakspeare."

It may be said at once that Mr. Macdonald is a competent editor. He has a real and quite personal appreciation of Lamb, united with a wide knowledge of the failings of other editors. But we feel that he has made a good deal too much of the failings of others, and though the general preface is interesting enough in its way, it strikes a note somewhat too pugnacious and too assertive. Speaking of "laborious and emulous Editors," Mr. Macdonald writes: "But that each of these Editors should have something important to say in disparagement of his predecessors and in praise of himself, is manifestly no anomaly, but a Law of Nature which no well-disposed person would seek to run counter to. The present Editor, being extremely well-disposed to all mankind, conforms gladly, and will try to do so to everybody's satisfaction." So Mr. Macdonald proceeds to point out, at great length and with considerable repetition, the errors and shortcomings of Talfourd and Moxon, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the late Mr. R. H. Shepherd and Canon Ainger. Now we conceive that it is not the duty of an editor to run head down at other editors; let errors be corrected by all means, and let the better method replace the worse, but we are not prejudiced in favour of the new because it makes somewhat laborious merriment

at the expense of the old. Yet Mr. Macdonald does do justice to the work of Mr. Shepherd, which, indeed, he could hardly have failed to do. It is on Canon Ainger that he pours forth his undiluted ridicule, and ridicule, we are sorry to say, not free from venom. Canon Ainger's "little," according to Mr. Macdonald, "has somehow been transformed—by the casual and imitative testimony of many careless voices—into an unconscionable magnitude of imputed merit, specialism, official authority, almost of exclusive proprietorship in subject of Charles Lamb." And this "disproportionate recognition" has led Mr. Macdonald to this remarkable conclusion:—

For myself, it has led me to surmise that in the story of Aaron's rod only half of the miracle has really been recorded: and I now believe that not only was the rod of Aaron no more miraculous-looking than the other rods, at first, but also that the serpent into which it changed was itself no bigger than any of the other serpents—and yet it had the credit and pleasure of swallowing them all, every living stick.

It is true, no doubt, that the "Eversley" Lamb has until recently been accepted as the best edition, possibly on insufficient grounds, but it is also true, as Mr. Macdonald admits, that Canon Ainger was the first editor to bring out the autobiographical material in Lamb's works, and further, that he was the first to arrange the poems, and the service was a signal one, in chronological order. We are not prepared to defend Canon Ainger against the charge of an unreasonable moral censorship, but we feel very strongly that Mr. Macdonald's attack goes too far, and is likely enough to blind some readers to his own merits as an editor of Lamb.

The second volume of Mr. Macdonald's edition is prefaced by a Memoir of Charles Lamb, a pleasant and sympathetic piece of writing, though curiously overloaded in parts with laboured and dragging phrases. Writing of Lamb's contributions to Leigh Hunt's "Reflector"—contributions so individual and perfect that Mr. Macdonald assumes them to have killed the magazine—Mr. Macdonald says:—

However, the things had appeared, and that was the great matter. For Lamb thereby had got rid of them; and his generation had, by that protection, so far got hold of him. It began to apprehend, in its more observant, more critical discernments, that there was a spirit of rare personality and integral intellect exploiting itself casually, in vagaries of pseudonymous humour, and unpremeditated starts of intellectual splendour, luminous and steady as the empyrean.

That is a kind of writing of which we cannot have too little; it drags both to ear and tongue. But as a rule Mr. Macdonald keeps himself more in hand.

In the matter of notes Mr. Macdonald is frugal; the two first volumes have only twenty pages each. But they are fit and interesting notes, sometimes resolving themselves into appreciative little disquisitions on particular essays. That on "Imperfect Sympathies," for instance, is characteristic. Says Mr. Macdonald:—

All the world has praised it, and a Scottish editor is, for an obvious reason, in a peculiar degree challenged to add his word. Let me say at once that I yield to nobody in my admiration of Lamb just here, and find in this Essay rare proofs of his mental penetration, his tact, and his dominating kindness of heart. Its genesis and intention have, I think, usually been misunderstood. It would be too long to demonstrate here how self-evident it is that Lamb aimed in this disquisition to make his countrymen feel a little more at ease than they might otherwise have felt on the score of those little mental defects of theirs, and those incurable foibles of character . . . which made them, good fellows as they were at heart, show rather poorly (as he must have seen) against the more gifted and strongly-formed characters who came among them occasionally from the better side of the Tweed. All Lamb is in this part of the Essay; in the kindness of its intention, and in the cunning of its execution.

Mr. Macdonald is evidently a very earnest Scot.

There remain the illustrations to be noted. We have ourselves no desire to see Lamb illustrated at all, but if

it had to be done, perhaps no one better equipped than Mr. C. E. Brock could have been found for the work. His drawings have refinement and humour. More interesting, however, to our thinking, are the illustrations reproduced in "Tales from Shakspeare." The completed work was published in two volumes, "embellished by Copper Plates." These plates Lamb considered a blot upon the book, but nowadays they are of very considerable interest. Whether they were drawn by William Mulready and engraved by William Blake or both drawn and engraved by Blake is an open question still, but certainly the hand of Blake seems very plain in some of them, much plainer than in the twelve rarer small plates, also reproduced, which have been ascribed to him in some quarters.

This edition of Mr. Macdonald's is excellently printed and produced. It is, what it is evidently designed to be, a very good edition for the general reader. It is not a student's edition, but it is one that lovers of Lamb will be glad to have upon their shelves.

South Wales.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SOUTH WALES. By A. G. Bradley. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Too heavy for the knapsack, this latest addition to the admirable "Highways and Byways" series is fitter for armchair reading. Good reading, too, for Mr. Bradley writes with complete knowledge and a perfect enthusiasm, to which a spice of humour gives that brightness which we do not look for in the ordinary guide-book. If he errs, it is in the direction of garrulity, but he has method even in that, and knows how to mix his varied ingredients of history, legend, anecdote, description and characteristic comment to suit the taste of readers who have not at their fingers' ends the clues to that most confusing of all histories, the Welsh.

There are no bounds to Mr. Bradley's admiration of the River Wye, particularly of its higher reaches, which skirt the county of Radnor on the south, and lead into one of the wildest districts in Great Britain. His account of those thinly peopled highlands is enough, if his book have the circulation it deserves, to send many holiday-seekers, pedestrian and cyclist, to explore regions as foreign to them as Siberia, though but six hours' journey from London. Llandrindod, indeed, is becoming fashionable for its waters, but those who frequent it seldom penetrate the wilderness beyond. Mr. Bradley undertakes to say "that between the sources of the Elan and the Vale of Towy, a proposing hermit might bury himself more effectively, and see less of his fellow-creatures, than in any part of these islands that it is his privilege to know. And here too, the person who yearns after such experience might even forget his own language."

The author's tour, omitting industrial Glamorganshire, is very comprehensive, and he touches judiciously on every matter of local interest. We rightly regard the Welsh as a religious and thoughtful people, and it is worth remarking that our two finest religious poets, George Herbert and Henry Vaughan, were Welshmen. Herbert was of the North, but the Silurist sleeps within sound of the River Usk which he loved in his lifetime.

When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
And my sun sets where first it sprang in beams,
I'll leave behind me such a large, clear light,
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night.

But Vaughan's sun is nowhere near its setting, and his grave by Usk will yet be a place of pilgrimage for many feet.

The literary associations of South Wales are choice rather than numerous. At Nantgwyllt, on the Elan, Shelley spent his first mad honeymoon. The previous year he had been at Cwm Elan, and it was remembered

by "an old woman still alive in 1878," that "he used to amuse himself by descending the rushing torrent on a plank, and on one occasion she could recollect him sharing his narrow bark with a protesting cat." There is a glimpse of the boyish spirit which showed itself in the last months of his life in his pistol-practice and billiards at Pisa.

With the Vale of Towry is associated the memory of John Dyer, painter, poet, and parson, a true forerunner of the poets of nature who came nearly a century after his time. But, most typical son of Wales and poet true as the best of them, was Dafydd ap Gwylim, whose legendary grave is under a yew-tree at Strata Florida. His wild and tragic story is well told by Mr. Bradley here, and how fine his verses are may be judged from the specimens he quotes. Dafydd, it is astonishing to think, was contemporary with Chaucer. Mr. Johnes, of Havod, a contemporary of Shelley, translated his Ode to the North Wind, of which this is the first stanza:—

Bodiless Glory of the sky
That, wingless, footless, stern and loud,
Leap'st on thy starry path on high,
And chauntest 'mid the mountain cloud:
Fleet as the wave and fetterless as light,
Tell to my sinking heart, "mine is the dungeon's night?"

Almost night Shelley have written it.

The last of our literary associations is with George Borrow. He came to the grave of Dafydd ap Gwylim and there "took his hat off, and knelt down and kissed the root of the old yew-tree," repeating in English a verse of the contemporary poet Gruffydd Grug's ode:—

Oh, tree of yew which here I see,
By Ystrad Flur's blest monastery,
Beneath thee lies, by cold Death bound,
The tongue for sweetness once renowned.

Then, under the withered trunk of the same tree, and just four centuries later, comes the tribute of old George Borrow, still on his knees, with bared head and shaking with emotion:—

Better for thee thy boughs to wave,
Though seathed, above ap Gwylim's grave,
Than stand in pristine glory drest
Where some ignobler bard doth rest.

The numerous illustrations by Mr. Griggs are admirable in many ways, though we are sometimes unable to understand the lighting of his landscapes. They have imagination and artistic feeling, though they are by no means all equally successful. It must also be noted that the index is lamentably imperfect.

Fiction.

THE CALL OF THE WILD. By Jack London. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. LONDON has achieved a rare thing—he has written a book about a dog which is neither weak nor sentimental, a book which any reader who has ever known dogs intimately will feel at once to be essentially and artistically true. And this story of Buck is more than a record of certain experiences in a dog's life, for it has a convincing and proper philosophy, a recognition of the forces which have made for the integrity of the pack. In this Mr. London follows Mr. Kipling; indeed, in some respects "The Call of the Wild" is the book of a disciple. Yet it has sufficient force and individuality to need no apology.

Mr. London takes a magnificent beast, a cross between a St. Bernard and a Scotch shepherd dog, and makes him an instrument in the search for gold in the Northland. There came to the Santa Clara Valley a call for dogs to

take the Klondike trail, and Buck, who was an aristocrat and a king in his place, was kidnapped and packed off in a suffocating crate to Seattle. When he reached Seattle he was a raging demon, and there he met the man in the red sweater, the dog-breaker. When Buck was freed from the crate he found the man in the red sweater waiting with a club:—

And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil, as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter in his blood-shot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In mid air, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonising clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side.

And so the fight goes on until the knock-out blow comes and Buck is crumpled up senseless. He had learnt his lesson, the lesson of primitive law, but his spirit was not broken, and that spirit he developed in gradually gaining the mastership of the team into which he was sold. Very human and very real are Buck's jealousies and strivings, yet we never feel that Mr. London is presuming upon us, for he approaches his task from the inside and gives us the simple and natural psychology of the dog. The impressions of the old luxurious life in the Santa Clara Valley faded away, and with knowledge of the law of Club and Fang came that sense of responsibility to duty and to the pack which makes a dog die in the traces rather than give in. And in this life "the domesticated generations fell from him," and he fought like forgotten ancestors:—

They quickened the old life within him, and the old tricks which they had stamped into the heredity of the breed were his tricks. They came to him without effort or discovery, as though they had been his always. And when, on the still cold nights, he pointed his nose at a star and howled long and wolf-like, it was his ancestors, dead and dust, pointing nose at star and howling down through the centuries and through him.

Gradually the call of the wild grew stronger and stronger, until at last, Buck's adored master being dead, he took to the woods with the wolf-pack:—

When the long winter nights come on and the wolves follow their meat into the lower valleys, he may be seen running at the head of the pack through the pale moonlight or glimmering borealis, leaping gigantic above his fellows, his great throat a-bellow as he sings a song of the younger world, which is the song of the pack.

In this story Mr. London has produced a book of real worth.

BARBARA LADD. By G. D. Roberts. (Constable. 6s.)

BY THIS time, a novel that deals with the American War of Independence must have something striking about it to deserve notice at all. In America the subject is probably still of such absorbing interest as to command attention for itself; but over here we look for something more in a story than the glorification of a patriotism that ceased to have any point for us in 1776. "Barbara Ladd" opens so well that it suggests the existence of that something more. Quite half the book, that half that deals with the childhood of the heroine, is full of promise; it is interesting, and it has a certain amount of literary feeling. But when Barbara grows up, when the scene of the story is transferred to New York, the interest drops into the dreariest commonplace. We do not find the very heartless coquetry of the extraordinarily beautiful Barbara half so fascinating as the author evidently does, and we grow horribly tired of her flashing eyes and her red lips and her wonderful hair. And the war details are just like the war details of every other book of the kind. Families are,

of course, divided against families, lovers against lovers; it is needless to add that Barbara and her accepted lover have placed their sympathies in opposite camps. The weakest part of the book comes, perhaps, at the end, where the construction completely breaks down, and the feeblest of conclusions is arrived at in consequence. The hero drags himself back to the home of his childhood, having been severely wounded in a skirmish; and the heroine opportunely goes out in her canoe and sees him fall fainting on the opposite bank of the lake. The rest is easy to guess, but in case there should be any doubt about what follows, we quote the hero's impassioned speech on his return to consciousness:—

"Listen, my lady. I will draw sword no more in this quarrel. I have given my blood, my lands—I have given, as I thought, my love—for a cause already lost, for a cause that I felt to be wrong from the day of Lexington. But whichever side wins, I will stay in my own country, if my country, when it is all over, will let me stay. When I am well enough to go away—love, love, will you go with me, to return, when the fighting and the fury cease, to our own dear river and our own dear woods?"

Everybody, of course, knows what happens when the wounded hero talks in this fluent way the moment his wounds have been dressed.

INNOCENT OF A CRIME. By Captain Paul Witt. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE author has elaborated a simple story, and provided a hero of unique disposition. More than this, he has reverted to the stilted style reminiscent of the fluent English as it is sometimes taught in conversational grammars. The story is of a retired and wealthy English admiral who has taken up residence in a small fishing village on the French coast. He has an only son fond of dashing adventure with an audience, but green as the bay tree. Indeed, it is secretly hinted that the boy's brain is weak, and no one is likely to dispute it. This son falls an easy prey to a "rusé" pilot who thinks, with the assistance of such a son-in-law, materially to advance his own social status. And so the boy is inveigled into marrying the pilot's daughter. The Admiral, of course, is equal to the occasion and promptly disinherits his son; billing the town, at the same time, to intimate that he will not be responsible for the runaway's debts. However, the young couple struggle along, their income increased by an expedient which the author apparently intends to be lucrative and convincing. At any rate, the hero goes to sea, buys an injudicious stock of fire-arms, and what more natural on his return than that he should instantly and accidentally shoot his wife? And the rest of the book, some 250 pages, is filled with the imbecile procedure of French magistrates who ultimately stultify themselves by condemning the wretched boy to twenty years' penal servitude.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

DARRELL OF THE BLESSED ISLES. By IRVING BACHELLER.

By the author of "Eben Holden." The story opens in 1835, when "Brier Dale was a narrow clearing, and the horizon well up in the sky and to anywhere a day's journey." The narrative is mainly concerned with Darrell and the development of a boy in the days before culture had reached the rough back country of America. (Methuen. 6s.)

BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

The story opens in Dantzic with a wedding in the year 1812, and on the wedding day there drives through Dantzic in a carriage the Great Emperor. On the same night Barlasch of the Guard is quartered on the house of the bride's father. "'Barlasch,' he said curtly, holding out a long strip of blue paper, 'of the Guard. Once a sergeant. Italy, Egypt, the Danube.'" The siege follows, and in the end Barlasch goes "to his own people." A vigorous and stirring book. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

HIS MASTER PURPOSE.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

Concerning a man of the North Country, of whom it was said: "... it's safer to counter an angry bull than a Thurstan of Crosbie Ghyll." Thurstan owned a copper mine, and when it gave out he declined to accept certain overtures from the engineer of a speculative company. This decision was largely controlled by an unfortunate love-affair, which sent Thurstan to British Columbia. The story is adventurous and fairly virile, and ends with the words: "Geoffrey Thurstan—I love you." But the speaker was not the lady whom we meet in the first chapter. (Long. 6s.)

SPENDTHRIFT SUMMER.

By MARGERY WILLIAMS.

By the author of "The Late Returning." The opening chapter suggests marital complications which do not develop very far. In the third chapter a novelist called Kelyvn meets a woman, now married, whom he had known as a child, and says, after a quite improbable meeting: "You thought I was going to kiss you then. But I wasn't going to do anything of the kind. I should have, if I had wanted to." But the book is better than this scrap of dialogue would suggest, although the people in it have a curious standard of ordinary courtesy. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE TICKENCOTE TREASURE.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

"Being the Story of a Silent Man, a Sealed Script, and a Singular Secret." This familiar type of story opens with the chance call of a seafaring man upon a physician who was acting "as locum for a doctor named Bidwell" in the Commercial Road. In the most casual way the seafaring man invites the doctor to go a voyage, and the doctor, equally casually, goes. The story is ingenious in Mr. Le Queux's familiar manner. (Newnes. 6s.)

SIX CHAPTERS OF A MAN'S LIFE.

By VICTORIA CROSS.

By the author of "Paula." The author says in her preface: "The following pages from a human life came into my hands after that life had ceased to be, and from the terrible story of reckless transgression and its punishment contained in them, it seemed to me that Humanity might learn some of those lessons which Life is ever striving to teach it." The story is interesting in a somewhat neurotic way, but the conclusion is vitiated by the delirium of the two principal characters. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s.)

CONJUROR'S HOUSE.

By STEWART E. WHITE.

The sub-title reads: "A Romance of the Free Forest," and the author sets these words in the forefront of his book: "Beyond the butternut, beyond the maple, beyond the white pine and the red, beyond the oak, the cedar, and the beech, beyond even the white and yellow birches lies a Land, and in that Land the shadows fall crimson across the snow." The book deals with Northern traders, Indians, and so forth. (Methuen. 6s.)

We have also received: "A Metamorphosis," by Richard Marsh (Methuen); "A Rogue's Progress," by Edwin Oliver (Treherne); "Round Anvil Rock," by Nancy Huston Banks (Macmillan).

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Official Optimism.

SOME little time ago a French critic, in reviewing the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy, alluded to the "official optimism" of the English. If any phase of philosophic opinion can possibly be manipulated into official expression, it is clearly advantageous that it should be optimism rather than the reverse. In reality, however, philosophy from its very nature can never be contracted into any phase or form of official opinion whatsoever. For as soon as opinion becomes official in any manner it ceases to have any reference to abstract thought; it conforms, in short, to a doctrine of utility which is in its very essence a protest against the futility of abstraction. You cannot compel men to think in this manner or in that; you can only induce them to accept a plausible convention. You cannot, at the present day, force them even to write in a prescribed manner; you can only favour in your wisdom those who do. But the "official" doctrine will always have weight, and where such a doctrine is in existence authors like Thomas Hardy, who read from life a dark and terrible denial of exact conclusions, will always be outnumbered by cheerful people who see in the day's work the meaning of the day. It is, all things considered, a happy and fortunate convention, and the man who seems to us to have done more than anyone else to inculcate it was claimed by M. Taine to be at least half a Frenchman.

The "official" optimism, indeed, is admirably expressed in the "Critical and Historical Essays" of Lord Macaulay, a new edition of which has just been published in three volumes by Messrs. Methuen. These essays, originally contributed to the "Edinburgh Review," are admirably edited and annotated by Mr. F. C. Montague, who, though obviously an ardent admirer of the great Whig historian, is quite free from the fretful spirit of partisanship which makes devotees more dangerous to a reputation than the most splenetic traducers. After citing many concrete instances of deficiency in the genius of Macaulay he gives in one sentence what must be considered a fair verdict on the negative side: "He was not a philosopher, his turn of mind was not analytical, nor did he value knowledge for its own sake, as it is valued by the scientific student." That is on the negative side, but nobody knows better than Mr. Montague what there is of almost incalculable positive value in his author, and he says of these essays: "We cannot name another book in all the wide range of English literature which displays their peculiar excellence in the same degree."

Accepting both these statements of Mr. Montague, it seems to us peculiarly odious to apply the jargon of mere verbal criticism to the writings of Lord Macaulay, for never has author been more heedlessly damaged by the repetition of phrases. Granted that he was placed upon a too prominent pedestal by a generation more staunchly antagonistic to the German spirit of investigation than even our own, it is certainly due to no real awakening to the charm of general ideas that he has been torn down from it. Why is it that the most erratic of undergraduates

hurrying to the river or the nets will dismiss Macaulay's claims as an historian in one bewildering sentence punctuated by German proper names—Macaulay, who made the great dead live for that other youth of England as did no other writer in the world? Why is it that the humblest scribbler, fresh-stained by the process of his craft, will contemptuously dismiss Macaulay's claim to style as though he had never hammered into the dullest brains in Europe pictures still luminous and concrete? Why is it that the very hack, fortified by his dictionaries against a sinister world, repels the suggestion of Macaulay's scholarship—Macaulay, who brought together ideas of past and present from nearly every country in Europe? The fact is that the commonplace mind, awakened by Macaulay and then harried into quite other channels of mentality, rejects, at the initiative of others, what it is incapable of examining for itself. Is there truth in these borrowed and muddled judgments? That they are graceless is a side-issue. How did Macaulay approach the central truth of things? In what spirit did he attempt to interpret the hidden individuality of those whom he sketched with so incomparable a vivacity?

One recalls the famous chapter in the History in which he compares the prosperity of England in 1685 with that of his own period. How admirably are the facts marshalled, and how just are the conclusions! A whole series of concrete instances are strung together, from the increase in the revenue to the rise in wages of a Devonshire peasant, from the discipline of the workshop to the decency of the home. And from this mass of details, arranged with flexible facility, a picture of England in 1685 arises in the mind which one must inevitably retain. That is the way these people lived, and life was harder in 1685 than it was in the time at which Macaulay wrote, just as it is easier now than at the same period. He foresees this last fact and he is glad, for he is an optimist and a Whig for whom the future holds ever a golden promise.

But because of the very lucidity of the picture, and because there is no hint in it of those things which are beyond the philosophy of even the Whigs, a certain blatant exhilaration has sprung up from it, and we arrive at the rhetoric of Sir Charles Adderly and the sinister rejoinder: "Wragg is in custody." It will be justly claimed that it would be infinitely better for humanity that men of the type of mind of Macaulay rather than men of the type of mind of Matthew Arnold should deal with the "Wraggs" of society. But in this one concrete instance the so-called dilettante, the mere literary critic, has applied the analytic method to sociology—the fact that the phrase afterwards became tiresome by repetition must not be weighed against it—while the vivid and picturesque historian has always merely accumulated details. Precisely the same conclusion may be drawn from Matthew Arnold's penetrating rebuke to Macaulay's statement "that the literature now extant in the English language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together." It does not seem that either in the history of a nation or the history of a literature the analytical habit of mind can be subordinate to any other quality. Let us just glance at his manner of interpreting the individuality of people.

On the subject of Addison's writings Macaulay wrote to Macvey Napier: "You must allow me to bespeak that subject; I look on it as peculiarly my own, for I know him (Addison) almost by heart." The essay is, as everybody knows, typical of Macaulay at his best. The subject lends itself to that charming by-play of knowledge by which his accumulation of details is at once lightened and strengthened. Like Addison himself, he skims daintily over the surface of literature and life, lending lucidity to what is exquisite and adding a moral to the statement of facts. But here, too, there is always a bias, a determination to see from one predetermined standpoint. It is extraordinary, for example, that this official optimism

should so blind him to the dark tragedy of Swift that he should, seemingly, belittle it in order to extol the urbane comedy of Addison's life. It is strange that Voltaire, the very symbol of eighteenth-century wisdom, should be dismissed by this Whig historian as Jack Pudding, "the prince of buffoons," a man to stand for ever abashed in the presence of Addison, the English gentleman. It is odd that he should not discern, even in the very malignity of Pope, something to disarm censure in favour of pity. It is disagreeable to see in the picture of Steele, whose warm faults were worth at least as much as some bloodless virtues, nothing but an inadequate foil to Joseph Addison.

Again one hears the old, old gospel, it is well to live easily and urbanely in the best of all possible worlds, a world of English Whigs. Again, one is dazzled by a brilliant crowded canvas in which, however, the central figure is not at all obscured. But again the actual, final analysis is wanting, and one feels that one is being merely diverted, and that the central truth is still withheld from us. For, granting it all, the social charm of Addison, the blamelessness of his life, his mastery of the *elegantia* of Pagan wisdom, his sensitive appreciation of what was best in the Europe of his time, his playful adaptability, and his stern moral purpose—granting it all, there is still some quality wanting in this man whom we are asked to exalt above Voltaire and Swift.

Two modern critics have given in their appreciations of this master of English prose the little touch of bitterness which makes for truth—the one from the standpoint of art, the other from the standpoint of intelligence. "You see," writes M. Taine, "this strange mode of painting human folly: in England it is called Humour." And Matthew Arnold, penetrating at once through the smooth and charming surface, strikes home at the concealed weakness of Addison—"the commonplace of his ideas." One feels instantly that these two modifications of Macaulay's enthusiasm are not pin-pricks of spleen; they contain, in short, just the *vraie vérité* that one misses in that sumptuous picture.

Mr. Montague quotes from the journal five lines out of the "Œdipus at Colonus," which he considers the solitary "reflection which would illumine for others the depths of his soul." But the journal betrays over and over again the consciousness of the littleness of human effort. However that may be, Macaulay kept for the world a steady front of cheerful satisfaction in material progress. That was the official view, but behind it there may have been, at certain times must have been, no little stoicism.

We have no wish to reproduce the harassed adjectives applied so constantly to the style of Lord Macaulay. The old phrase *le style c'est l'homme*, always something more than a half-truth, may be confidently applied to him. He caught pictures on an ample and splendid scale, placing them side by side, amplifying and expanding, drawing from the dead abstractions the concrete embodiment of reality, bringing to his work all the virility of his mental energy, the resources of his extraordinary memory, the richness and the variety of an intelligence never satisfied and never at rest. He drew men from the coma of the present to gaze with dazed eyes at the vivid wonderland of the past. Were it not for the fatal danger of sententious phrases one might say that he made life larger for every human being who heard him or read him.

Of course he had not that evasive something which is known as charm of style any more than he had the power of analysis, and here, again, it is his imitators who have brought upon him a deluge of criticism. For just as his "official" optimism passed into a blatant exhilaration in others, so his style, always varied in colour, even when most tending to monotony in structure, became with his imitators the frank hammer of "a good editorial." Why should we dwell upon limitations which, if accentuated in our own race, are none the less common to the world?

Macaulay caught his official optimism from the Whigs of England, and he made it something glittering and splendid. It did not come from the gods, perhaps, but men were too dazzled to seek from whence it came. But now we know, now that it is no longer radiant we know only too well—it is from the old dread of Goethe in which Arnold shared: "was uns alle bändigt, Das Gemeine!"

English Literature in France.

SOME years ago the French used willingly to accuse themselves of ignoring what was thought and written outside their frontiers. It is hard to say just how far the reproach was deserved, for the Frenchman is maliciously apt at one time to disparage himself, to pass himself off for worse than he really is, and at another boastfully to sound his own praises. The praises are having their turn just now, and we will try to show that they are merited.

No longer are foreign literatures ignored in France. On the contrary, they have engrossed the public favour to such an extent that protests have lately been raised in certain nationalist quarters calling for the expulsion of the intruders. Englishmen, Scandinavians, Russians, Poles, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Dutchmen were cumbering the shelves of the libraries. The English especially were doubly burdensome, for they are put forward both in translations and in the original. Wherever you go you will meet with the little volumes of the Leipzig Editions, and in certain parts of Paris they have a considerable sale. No doubt a fair proportion of buyers, perhaps the majority, are English or American, either residents or birds of passage, but the booksellers will tell you that their French customers for these books are by no means a negligible quantity. There are a great many people in France who, while they cannot talk English, can yet read the novel of the day without difficulty. I myself know several, and I remember in this connection a typical fact. In December, 1898, the "Mercure de France" began to bring out a version of "The Time Machine," by H. G. Wells. A philosopher who is also a talented novelist was so taken with the novelty of this kind of fiction that he immediately hurried off to buy the English text in the German edition in order to finish the book at once. And this instance must often have been repeated. Some daily papers and a great many periodicals devote occasional or regular articles to foreign literatures, and the greater part of their attention falls to the English. M. Augustin Filon, M. Ch. Legras, Madame Arvède Barine, in the "Journal des Débats"; M. Abel Chevalley, M. Izoulet and others in the "Temps," give summaries of the literary movements in England. The monthly reviews pay particular attention to English matters; in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," M. Téodor de Wyzewa, a learned and sound critic, frequently devotes his articles to British authors; in the "Revue de Paris," we have M. Jusserand, M. André Chevrillon, Madame Duclaux (Mary Robinson), and others publishing essays and articles on Anglo-Saxon literature both of the present and of bygone periods; in the "Mercure de France" the present writer contributes to every number an account of the works which have appeared during the preceding month, but that does not preclude special articles by other contributors from appearing in the body of the Review on subjects of any real importance, while in the summaries of the "Revue" formerly "Revue des Revues," the "Grande Revue" (edited by the famous advocate Fernand Labori), the "Nouvelle Revue," the "Correspondant," the "Ermitage," and fortnightly and weekly publications, such as the "Plume," the "Revue Bleue," the "Revue Hebdomadaire," the "Revue Universelle," the "Annales Politiques et Littéraires," the "Semaine Littéraire" of Geneva, the "Critique Internationale," &c., are often to be found varied

contributions which bear unmistakable witness to the very real interest taken by the reading public in France in what is thought and said and done in England. Besides these chronicles and studies, the periodicals as well as the daily papers go out of their way to give their readers translations of interesting English works: the "Temps," the "Débats," the "Figaro," the "Matin," the "Journal," the "Echo de Paris," have given in feuilleton translations from the most diverse authors: Thomas Hardy, George Gissing, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, R. L. Stevenson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Conan Doyle, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Rider Haggard, Bret Harte, Madame Longgard de Longgarde, Marion Crawford, &c. The "Revue des Deux Mondes" announces the forthcoming publication of a version of "Lady Rose's Daughter," and on the 1st August the "Grande Revue" brought out the first two chapters of "Anticipations," by H. G. Wells. It will be seen that I am only concerned here with living authors, the writers of the day, leaving on one side the re-issues of Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray, even of Sir Walter Scott, and of many others less famous. I also pass over the large number of translations of specialist works on Art and Science, and different branches of learning appealing to a special public. There is no important book of this class which has not been translated. It is Mr. H. G. Wells who, in his remarkable book "Anticipations," in the chapter relating to "the conflict of languages," records his "amazement to discover three copies of a translation of that most wonderful book, 'The Principles of Psychology,' by Professor William James, in a shop in l'Avenue de l'Opéra—three copies of a book that I have never seen anywhere in England outside my own house," he adds.

On the other hand, if you turn over the catalogues of the principal Paris publishers you will find there a large number of historical and critical works dealing with English literature. In M. Téodor de Wyzewa's excellent studies of foreign writers we find England represented by Thomas de Quincey, Tennyson, Walter Pater, William Morris, Mrs. Humphry Ward, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, W. H. Mallock, R. L. Stevenson, and Hall Caine. It is M. Marcel Schwob, at once scholar and artist and one of the most remarkable personalities in French literature to-day, who inserts in his splendid "Spicilege" two perfect studies of George Meredith and of Stevenson; and there are further M. André Chevrillon, Madame Arvède Barine, B. H. Gausseron, Georges Art and twenty others whom one would have to enumerate.

While the general public gives evidence of a living interest in English fiction, and the critics give their attention to explaining and commenting on English thought, the latest generations of French writers show an evident sympathy for the English masters. Later on, no doubt, historians will state the fact, but perhaps without knowing that the oral precept of a Stéphane Mallarmé and the influence of a Maurice Maeterlinck stood for a great deal.

Among the Reviews which have most largely contributed to the extension of the taste for English letters in France, one may, without fear of contradiction, place the "Mercure de France." Its back numbers of the last fifteen years contain an enormous number of translations of English articles, essays, and studies, and of reviews devoted to English literature; it has even published articles and poems in English. Then, when a fortunate financial combination allowed the Review to transform itself into a publishing concern, the question arose of adding to the various editions of French authors a series of foreign ones. When the managing committee wanted to entrust me with the editorship of this series, I began to reckon up the difficulties of my task—I might even say of my tasks. As soon as the news spread that the "Mercure de France" was undertaking the publication of a series of foreign authors, we immediately received an

incredible number of MSS.—a perfect avalanche of translations from English, Russian, German, Scandinavian, Italian, and every other language. Of course, a summary elimination became necessary, and I quickly found my way to the end. First of all, certain authors whom I knew in the original were rejected as not having a sufficiently marked originality, or not presenting interest enough for French readers. Then, some of the translations were so faulty that it was impossible even to correct them; there are some translators undeterred by the grossest incapacity, others whose ignorance and carelessness pass all bounds. I remember meeting with errors of this nature: "ponieron las manos en jarras" rendered by "elles plongèrent leurs mains dans des jarres" ("they plunged their hands into jugs," instead of "they placed their hands on their hips"); in English, not to speak of gross misreadings, I have found *manner* translated by *matière*, *recipe* by *recipient*, *data* by *dates*, *fancy dress* by *caractère fantaisiste*, *romantic adventure* by *épisode romantique*, *forty odd years* by *quarante années étranges*, *forlorn hope* by *espoir anéanti* when there was simply question of an *advance guard* (*avant-garde*). It is true in the eighteenth century Laplace translated "Love's Last Shift" as "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour," and the Abbé Prévost who translated Richardson confused *bonnet*, a seafaring term (*bonnette* in French) and *bonnet*, a kind of headgear, and, undeterred by the absurdity of his phrase, he wrote: "Towston suspendit à son mât un vieux bonnet avec lequel il se conduisit à l'île de Wight." It is clear that translators have not changed for the worse.

Among the numerous translations which were submitted, many had appeared already as feuilletons in reviews and newspapers. That was no sufficient reason for publishing them now in book form, for a work which can easily be introduced among the subjects of a daily paper or periodical may not attract sufficient readers when it appears alone and on its own merits. Finally, the first issue of the series of foreign authors comprised simultaneously: "Imaginary Portraits" by Walter Pater, "The First Jungle Book" by Rudyard Kipling, and "The Time Machine" by H. G. Wells. No one will be surprised to hear that Walter Pater's beautiful work had no success with the public, and was what is called, in the idiom of the book trade, a *panne* (a "frost"). The two others, on the contrary, met with public favour. Kipling at once gained a great many readers, who remained staunch to him for the six other books of his which followed. H. G. Wells, on the other hand, saw his public grow in a steady proportion with each of the six translations of his books. Other English authors figure in this series: George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, R. L. Stevenson, &c., who had only a very moderate success. However famous and admired in his own country, an author is not necessarily appreciated by the public of a neighbouring country. In any case, it is almost exclusively in England that we can find authors to interest the French public. In the "Mercure de France" collection, which was purposely made as representative as possible, the majority of the authors translated are English; there is no German novel which is even readable to a Frenchman, and if there are a few readers for Strindberg, Gorki, Gerhart Hauptmann, Multatuli, an overdose soon tires them. The complete works of Friedrich Nietzsche, rendered in masterful fashion by Henri Albert, had a more cordial reception. But there you have a philosophical work appealing rather to a special public, and however it may be, the preferences of the great majority of French readers are for English works.

HENRY D. DAVRAY.

Impressions.

The Link.

HUMOROUS he was: you could see it in the amused mouth and the lines of his winter-apple face; but it was not the kind of humour that moved me to laughter. It was the variety that delights in verbal twists and turns, and sprang too often from the discomforts of others. But this Highlander interested me because he was a link between the sophisticated life of the port town where he lived and that life beyond the hills, whither, during the clement months, he drove the summer visitors who sought white heather, or desired a sight of the deer, afar off. A fine contempt he had, I am sure, at heart, for the Southrons who invaded his land, and mispronounced the unpronounceable names of loch and mountain. We hired him and his horses, and he spared neither us nor them. He chafed and supervised us: he galloped them up hills, carried no grain, but let the lean beasts crop the grass at noonday rest, and brought them home after a forty-mile run cool and unspent. He knew things, did this town Highlander, and he had no use for our knowledge. He knew the avocations of solitary figures who passed us in the hills, the routes up mountains, the caves where illicit stills had flourished for a time, likely places for possible stills, the history and gossip of his country; he knew something of books, too, for when I disturbed an ant-heap, and watched the millions staggering beneath their eggs, he spoke of Darwin.

Stories, too, he had of the deer coming down to the village in hard winters to feed from his hand; of a stag bounding across the road before the horses on an afternoon of weeping mist; of the price per pound he paid, sub rosa, for venison; and of the ways of the rich whose money had bought the lands of Highland gentlemen. He was the man who knew—a transition type—brimming with the knowledge of the hills and the craft of loch and forest with the shrewdness of the town superimposed. Ancestors had climbed the mountain, reached the zenith, but he was already on the down-grade to decadence. Already his joy in the life beyond the hills was becoming dimmed; he thought before he spoke; he owned a mackintosh; he knew the price of cigarettes; his face had lost the frankness that I am sure stamped his forbears before they left their barren farm to make a living in the grey, single street of a Scotch town; knowing and sophisticated was his face beside that of yonder lank, sinewy figure who swings down the hillside, unprotected against the weather, nothing with him but his spy-glass dangling in leather case from his shoulders. "Who is he?" I asked. But the Link could not give the information straightforwardly. He must score off me, and he did so by asking how I spelt the word. At my answer he chuckled. "You're an Englishman," he said, "it's Ghillie, with an 'h'."

He was the link between the town and the deer. In that day's drive over remote moors, by undisturbed lochs and forests, through valleys that rolled between chains of mountains, I saw again and again the roofless stone cottages of those who had been evicted for the sake of the deer. "It's men we're wanting," he said, "and when there's a war they're not here." This boundless country belonged to one owner—preserved, protected, depopulated, for the deer. And those who should have been snatching a living from the soil, breeding strong, fearless men and women from the old mould, for the service of the old country, are at the other side of the world, not without bitterness. In their place is that Shooting Lodge among the trees, a luxurious resting-place between Cowes and Monte Carlo, easy of access—with a comfortable bed in the train and morning tea at Perth.

Was I, child of civilisation, in better case, seated on a boulder in this country of memories, drinking China tea

and munching cake made in Oxford Street. The Link was doing likewise. He didn't mind what he drank, he had said, so long as it was liquid. Certainly life is made too easy for us. For as I sipped my second cup and reflected that sugar was a mistake, I chanced to turn my eyes to the hills, and there on the crest of the nearest was a herd of deer. I could see them plainly with the naked eye, munching the grass, walking leisurely. I counted forty of them. "They're no frightened o' us," said the Link. "They kenned we were here. They've sentinels on all the hills. So have crows." But I was not to be fobbed off thus. The wonder of it filled me. "It's incredible," I said, watching them strolling against the sky-line, "that a herd of deer should—" But the Link had already reverted to his town self. His eyes were on the ground and he was chuckling. "I heard the other day o' a ghillie," he said, "who applied for a situation as gamekeeper, and in his letter he said he was six foot two. He spelt it t-o-o." He laughed so loudly that he spilt his tea.

Up there on the heights the deer were stepping delicately—unafraid. Perhaps they did know—had gauged us—taken our measure; perhaps those shy, wise creatures distinguished between the modern frequenters of their immemorial fastnesses.

Drama.

Traverses.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society sang its swan-song the other day, one understands, when Mr. Poel produced Marlowe's "Edward II." at Oxford before a not inappropriate audience of University Extension students gathered for the great educational orgy of the "Summer Meeting." Perhaps it is as well. I am as much interested in dramatic archaeology as another man, but I do not want the problem of stage mounting, which lies before the playwright of the future, prejudiced by undue insistence upon the historic models of a single epoch. Better, I think, to follow our own instinct and feel forward, like Mr. Gordon Craig, with the help at once of an eclectic archaeology and a free sensuous imagination, than to stereotype, as I fear Mr. Poel and his disciples are inclined to do, the particular type of scenic simplicity, or perhaps more exactly nudity, which was the natural result of the cramped structural conditions of the Elizabethan theatre. For I do not see that you can say more than this. Certainly there is no reason to suppose that the bare stage and the conventions for which he apologises in any way realised Shakespeare's own personal ideals of dramatic presentation. These, for all I know, may have been as tawdry as those of Sir Henry Irving. And it is hardly even justifiable to argue that, because his plays were written for the limited setting, therefore no other can possibly be suitable to them. For such a view leaves out of sight the very important point that they were written by no means wholly for the Theater or the Globe, but at least as much for the great rooms of Whitehall or of Greenwich, where they were regularly shown, Christmas by Christmas, before Gloriana. And here, where the tradition of the lavish expenditure upon masques ruled, it is probable that they received a much more elaborate and decorative setting than Mr. Poel's theories quite contemplate. While I am on this subject, I should like to express some scepticism as to the desirability of the scheme which has been mooted for building a permanent "Elizabethan" theatre as a Shakespeare memorial in London. I am no great friend to memorials in general. They usually end in a bad building, or a bad statue. The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford is a blot upon the decent comeliness of an unoffending

Warwickshire town, in comparison with which even Mr. Sidney Lee's projected Free Library will be of little account. And even now, in St. James' Park, they are cutting down trees in order to—but that is another story. At any rate, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, surely his best memorial is in his plays, and perhaps even more in the plays of his successors, and the "Elizabethan" theatre had better take the form of a nice little model in that historical museum on the lines of the one at Basle, which, now, would be worth establishing.

Do not imagine me to think that the structural conditions of a theatre are of no importance when one is attempting to understand and criticise the plays produced in it. They are of the very first importance. The relation of the form of the Dionysiac theatre, with its narrow platform for the principal actors and its dancing ring below for the chorus, to that of the Attic tragedy, with its alternating sections of lyric and of dialogue very slightly relieved with action, has been expounded by many a pundit. Quite recently Mr. A. B. Walkley, in his delightful London Institution lectures on "Dramatic Criticism," has called attention to a similar point in the history of the English drama itself. Commenting on the absence from modern plays of the element of rhetorical declamation so dear to Shakespeare and his fellows, he correlates this with the gradual disappearance of the "apron."

The "apron" is the technical term for the stage area in front of the curtain. In the Elizabethan theatre it jutted right out among the public, who surrounded it on three sides. This "apron" slowly shrank—Colley Cibber writes that it was shortened by 10 feet in his time—till at last in our day it has altogether disappeared, and the drama has withdrawn within the frame of the proscenium. While the apron existed you had a platform drama, rhetorical recitation in costume, instead of the actual representation of our modern drama. The "apron" was like the shagreen skin in Balzac's story; as it shrank, the life of the old rhetoric-drama drew so much nearer to its end.

The detachment of the actors from the audience, when they retire "within the frame of the proscenium," largely tends to intensify the dramatic illusion, and is a great step in the differentiation of drama from minstrelsy. A further illustration is suggested by a paper from "Englische Studien," on "Some Characteristics of the Elizabethan-Stuart Stage," which has just been kindly sent me by the author, Mr. W. J. Lawrence. It is, of course, understood that serious discussion of points of English literary history are nearly always contributed to German periodicals such as "Englische Studien" and "Anglia." So few English periodicals are sufficiently interested to print them. Mr. Lawrence points out that hardly any writer on the Elizabethan stage has clearly realised the fact that there was no front curtain. There were what he calls "traverses," that is to say, two sets of curtains at the back of the stage, where the painted scene now is. One of these covered the "tiring-room," whence the actors came forth, and the other covered a small balcony above, and either could be drawn aside when the exigencies of the action required the use of one of these—as Juliet's balcony, for instance, or the vault of the Capulets. But the main area of the stage, on which nine-tenths of the play was performed, remained before the eyes of the audience from beginning to end. The result was that a Shakespearean scene could hardly ever end, as so many modern scenes end, with a "situation" in which the actors are left upon the boards. They have got to get off in order to leave the space vacant for the next scene, and therefore the action must end, not at the top of an emotional *crescendo*, but with a *diminuendo*, during which they retire. Look at the end of "Hamlet" or of "King Lear." The instinct of a modern stage-manager would be to bring down the curtain immediately on the death of the principal character. Not so Shakespeare. He has got

to clear his stage, and, therefore, he cannot close until the dead bodies have been picked up and carried off to slow music. In "Romeo and Juliet," or in "Othello," on the other hand, no carrying off was necessary, because in these plays the deaths took place, not on the open stage, but in the inner room, over which the "traverse" could be conveniently drawn. Shakespeare does not, it will be seen, really lay himself open to the burlesque of "The Admirable Bashville," in which the ingenious Mr. Shaw leaves two victims on the stage, and then makes two beef-eaters come in holding between them a ragged cloth behind the cover of which the actors crawl off. The abolition, by the introduction of the curtain, of the necessity for the *diminuendo* is not all gain. It was pretty enough at the end of Mr. Tree's "Merry Wives," when the curtain came down on a revel of dancing and rioting children. But it was prettier still at the end of "The Hue and Cry after Cupid" in the Botanic Gardens, when Cupid and his rout and the wedding guests filed away among the bushes, and left the lawn to silence and the moon.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

A Painter's Collection.

ONE can say, without extravagance, that H. W. Mesdag, the popular Dutch seascape painter, is one of the favourites of fortune. He is a flourishing banker; his reputation as a painter has long been assured, and for many years he has been able to indulge his fine taste in art by purchasing examples of the best modern work. Friends returning from Holland have spoken of his collection at The Hague, and told how on Sunday mornings the veteran painter has, busily and happily, conducted them from room to room in his house where his own pictures hang, not coyly, beside the works of—other masters. Now visitors to The Hague can see this remarkable collection any day of the week, for Mesdag has bequeathed it to the Dutch nation together with the house in which it is contained.

Many men have made collections of pictures, but they have rarely been connoisseurs, or gifted with fine taste, buying through dealers, or from the studios of popular and paragraphed painters. They have trodden the primrose path of collecting, taking the line of least resistance; but Mesdag has adopted a much rarer procedure. He has browsed among the great modern continental masters—Rousseau, Diaz, Corot, Courbet, Millet, Daubigny, Bastien-Lepage, the Marises—but he has never bought those pictures that would be starred in Baedeker, or greeted with cheers when hoisted upon the easel at Christie's. He has picked the choice examples, the pieces that would captivate a painter. For instance, there is one small example by Alma Tadema—an early work—the best Alma Tadema I have ever seen—a little picture that one observes and enjoys across the room before concerning oneself about the name of the painter: which is not the way we regard our Alma Tademans now. This is, indeed, a painter's collection. There is no catalogue, not a single picture has a title, and I approached the house with considerable curiosity, for the day before one painter had said to me: "It contains the finest picture Jacob Maris ever painted"; and another had said: "It contains the finest picture Daubigny ever painted."

The collection is in a modern house: each room is full of curios, bronzes, tapestries, porcelains, and pictures—rooms of infinite richness. There are water-colours on the ground floor that start one off on the quest with a thrill of pleasure—two little Mauves, for example, slight in subject, incidents that you might see half a dozen times in a

country walk, yet blown upon with that faint but enduring breeze of beauty that only the true artist can command. Everywhere one is reminded how little subject or pictorial intention has to do with the making of pictures that give exquisite pleasure, and that always have an early morning freshness because they are eternally beautiful. What subject could be more unpromising than a Dutch cook handling saucepans over a stove? Yet such an episode was all Matthew Maris needed to produce one of the most desirable, one of the most haunting pictures in the collection. Is it the perfect drawing, is it the tender relation of the tones, is it the quality of the painting that produces such a lasting impression of his reserved and distinguished talent? Or is it that, combined with consummate craftsmanship, he gives that suggestion of individual temperament overflowing into the work and remaining there—quiet, undisputed—like the colour on a moor of heather? Words are an idle medium to express the real thing when we find it in art or in literature. I think of a passage in Walter Raleigh's book on Wordsworth: "He pressed onward to a point where speech fails and drops into silence, where thought is baffled, and turns back upon its own footsteps. . . . To know him is to learn courage; to walk with him is to feel the visitings of a larger, purer air, and the peace of an unfathomable sky." Of certain painters that also can be said: it can be said of some of the fine spirits in the Mesdag collection. The fret, fever, and trouble of their lives is gone with the men and circumstances that occasioned them. Did they know poverty, anxiety, the pangs of disappointment and deferred hope?—those, too, are gone. The pictures remain. This white hill-town by Corot, bathed in its pearly light, beneath an opalescent sky; those sheep and haystacks by Millet; that moonlit pastoral by Segantini—they remain.

What one feels about this collection is the absence of any intention to contrive a picture, to compose an effective subject. Nowhere is this more evident than in the work of Daubigny, and nowhere, I imagine, can the achievement of this great artist be seen in greater variety. In one room of the house there are eight Daubignys, and each one gives some broad impression of nature in the big, healthy way that was second nature to the French romanticists. There are, as I have said, no titles to the pictures, and one does not think of them in reference to titles, any more than one thinks of putting a title to a landscape of moors, mountains, and a river gleaming through the valley that one sees from a hillside in Scotland. These Daubignys sweep across the vision, and leave before the inward eye an impression of massive cattle against green lards; setting suns on sea and meadow; haystacks by evening light enfolded in dignity; a hill village on the estuary of a river flooded in pale light; and, most vivid of all, a five-foot picture, a mere sketch, done at a sitting in the open air, of a hurrying sky, a river doubling back into the distance, and two horses tugging a barge in the foreground. This picture was never finished, and I am glad of that. It may have taken Daubigny three-quarters of an hour, but the knowledge of a lifetime is there. It is alive and unpromeditated, and you can trace the impulses that moved the artist—the sudden desire to paint that hurrying sky, those bending trees, and that bright river. Then, as he worked, the horses came in sight tugging the barge. Swiftly he put them in. There was his picture complete: he worked on it no more that day: other days passed, and he let the sketch stand. It remains one of those eager, joyous things done in a mood of exaltation, and catching the exaltation of that mood. Such a picture is good to remember. The beauty of it floats before me as I write far away from The Hague, in a room in the Highlands. I look up, and am confronted by an engraving of a picture by Sir David Wilkie. It is a death-chamber piece called "The Only Daughter." She lies in bed with a night-cap upon her pallid face: a Scotch terrier watches her: a

physician feels her pulse: the father stands with one hand on the open Bible, in the other is a handkerchief: the mother watches her husband. Near to the bed hangs (Sir David was not frugal with his symbolism) a bird-cage covered with a cloth, a candle with the snuffer upon it, a falling barometer, and a guitar: one of the strings is broken, and beneath the picture are printed eight lines of minor verse. The first stanza runs:—

Shall she repair the broken string
Upon her old guitar—
And hear, again, her cage-bird sing
Unto the morning-star?

I remove "The Only Daughter" from its nail, turn her face to the wall, and switch myself off from the family anecdotic department of painting to those uncharted seas where Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau, and Diaz sailed. I am back in The Hague seeing again what the subject picture is transfigured by the temperament of such an artist as Bastien-Lepage whose astonishing study of the bullet-headed black-eyed girl sitting in a field with that incomparably drawn figure of the lanky peasant, asleep (this *is* sleep) by her side, is in the Mesdag gallery; see again the sad, mystical Matthew Maris, and by contrast Rousseau's tumultuous flock, a huddle of colour streaming down the mountain side, and the others. Those others are very welcome, not the eager, overreaching Mancini of whom Mesdag has many examples, but the quiet, deep-natured Daubigny, Corot, Rousseau, Millet, and Jacob Maris—men who felt strongly but who never thought themselves into weariness.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Future of Art.

THE ACADEMY, of course, is dedicated to æsthetics; is a servant of beauty. It is a fair question, then, what business my papers have therein. You turn the other pages, and read of literature, the drama, music, painting, and so forth—all forms of art, which we may conveniently define as "the creation of beauty." Lastly you come to a paper headed "Science." What lot or part has it with these?

For, in many ways, there is no small antagonism between art and science—between beauty and truth. To illustrate one contention of those combatants with whom the readers of the ACADEMY are most in sympathy, let me quote a passage from Stevenson—who, by the way, has used science so well for his own æsthetic ends:—

Science writes of the world as if with the cold finger of a starfish; it is all true; but what is it when compared with the reality of which it discourses? Where hearts beat high in April, and death strikes, and hills totter in the earthquake, and there is a glamour over all the objects of sight, and a thrill in all noises for the ear, and Romance herself has made her dwelling among men?

This, greatly said, is the protest that science is taking the "glamour" from things, robbing them of their poetry, reducing music to mathematics, creative genius to morbid "association of ideas," love to an irritability of the "anterior horns" of grey matter in the spinal cord. Hence the righteous indignation of art—if this were true of science. Beauty, moreover, has a quarrel with the implements of science. It sees no cause for admiration in vivisection, for instance. It has no scorn sufficient for the style of Darwin, or, indeed, the slipshod English of most scientific works. That utility may be served by vivisection or bald phrases matters little to the shrinking eye or ear that loves beauty. Art may also affirm that devotion to science tends, in many cases, towards atrophy of the æsthetic sense. Darwin confessed that the years had

robbed him of his delight in music and poetry. Whereupon the protagonist of art asks whether the "Origin of Species" was worth while.

Similarly the contempt of the scientist of the narrow kind for art—the contempt of teleological utility for the beauty which is its own end—knows no bounds whatever. If I were to believe the prophecies of the average modern work on psychology or sociology, or such a book as Max Nordau's "Degeneration," I should be writing scientific papers in the ACADEMY with a sort of covert grin, expecting the day when the heading "Science" will go without saying, and papers on "art" or "the drama" will be scorned of editors. For we are now assured that art has not much longer to go; that there is no time for it, no need for it, and will soon be no desire for it. Art is regarded as a foe to utilitarianism; as a sterile aberration from the path of progress. A recent American writer of very real distinction, Mr. Lester Ward, whilst regarding art as doomed, actually derides Mr. Spencer for crowning his edifice of the sciences with ethics; and declares that when sociology shall have achieved its ends, ethics—which is conceived nowadays as the question of human relations without reference to theism—will also cease to exist. There will be neither room nor need for it; "everything will be arranged" in accordance with the principles of collectivism; private ethical effort will be as unnecessary as the modern parent conceives private educational effort to be. We shall then have suppressed, you will observe, both the good and the beautiful—both ethics and art—in favour of the true. Enough; let us put a period to this sorry nonsense by an antidote from Tennyson:—

Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears.

The statement, "this is an age of transition," has been true at any time from whatever beginning, and will be true till whatever ending of things we may conceive; but notably is it true of our own epoch and in relation to this very question. This is the age of science, not of art. The present generation is certainly more concerned with truth than with beauty. The prophet of our fathers, who told us that "the great soul of the world is just"—rather than beautiful—despised art, as his account of a visit to the opera testifies, though in his own work he could not conquer the great artist within him. And I believe that for a long time to come the future will be blacker still for art. The passing of the belief in immortality has bred two kinds of men. To one small group Mr. Swinburne has given voice, in lines which would be remembered for their significance as illustrating one spirit of our day, even if the stupid sort of scientist were right in saying that neither they nor any other beautiful things will be remembered for their beauty alone. I quote from memory:—

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving,
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

The vast majority of thinking men outside Asia, however, will have nothing to do with quietism. They believe—and, verily, they do well—that man's intelligence will make him, in Mr. Henley's words, master of his fate. They see poverty, tuberculosis, crime, "vice," insanity, *ennui*, and numberless other evils, and they declare that these things need not and must not be. This is, therefore, no time for art, say they; and though, were I alone on the earth, I would give all knowledge for the *adagio* in the "Moonlight" sonata, as things are, I am with these

men. This is no time for art; *except* for those who have the aesthetic sense rather than qualities of intellect. Let them put out their little seed, their precious talent to usury; another day is coming.

For as surely as the sun endures, science, knowledge, truth—call it what you will—will one day crush evil, spawn of ignorance, into utter annihilation. Then what of "the little seed they laughed at in the dark"? Now is the apotheosis of science; but when science has done its work will be the apotheosis of art. For many waters cannot quench men's love of beauty. I am an optimist because I am an evolutionist, and because I am an evolutionist I know that the aesthetic sense is an imperishable and ever-crescent possession of mankind. It will one day be their most precious possession, to the many, as it is already to you, the favoured few. And I have a question of you, who read the ACADEMY because you love beauty. If you read the article on "Science" at the end, why do you? Is it not because, whatever the medium, science cannot be presented without sometimes satisfying your aesthetic sense? Has not Tennyson made for himself a separate and lasting place because he found in science a source of beauty? The critics have not shown us this, but it is so. And when science shall have played her useful part, she will remain as a source whence art and ethics may find inspiration and guidance; for "beauty, good, and knowledge are three sisters": the oak, the stream, the rock and every other object which science studies, will have their place in the future of art—which will be inseparable from ethics—for the greatest of all artists was right when he saw—

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

"Interludium."

SIR,—In connection with your reviewer's comment on Mr. E. K. Chambers's interpretation of the word "Interludium," might I be pardoned for pointing out that Gascoigne, in the following lines from "The Steel Glas" (1576), hints at a foreign prototype:—

Al eyes behold with eagre deepe desire . . .
These Enterluds, these newe Italian sportes,
And every gawde, that glads the minde of man.

The inference would be that the English interlude was an offshoot of the Italian intermedio, although the structural resemblance is not apparent. The word "interlude" certainly recalls the principle of the intermedio, which was in itself a development of the ancient chorus. It is a wonder to me that no one has ever thought of tracing the progress of these inter-act excrescences from their beginnings in the madrigal until the period when their profusion of lyrical and spectacular splendours suggested and gave rise to the homogeneous music-drama.

If some doubt may be entertained as to the intermedii suggesting the English interlude, there is at any rate strong reason to believe that they were not without their influence on the Elizabethan drama and the Jacobean masque. There are traces of some crude attempts on the early English stage to fuse into a whole the composite elements of the contemporary Italian drama. This is to be distinctly noted in certain pieces like Greene's "Scottish Historie of James IV.," which present a bastard and non-illusive kind of play within play. (The legitimate and artistic form is to be found in "The Spanish Tragedy" and in "Hamlet.") Greene's quaint hotch-potch is simply an attempt, and a bad one at that, to give

the intermedio a right of existence, to harmonise heterogeneous elements.

Again, we find unmistakable traces of the influence of the intermedii in the antimasques (or more properly "antic masques") of the court entertainments of Ben Jonson. Here the resemblance is not superficial, as the peculiar method of performing the Stuart masque—half on the stage and half on the floor of the hall—was precisely the method adopted late in the sixteenth century in the gorgeous ducal entertainments at Florence. An engraving of Callot establishes this fact beyond cavil.—Yours, &c.,

W. J. LAWRENCE.

9, Lower Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 204 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of any building, new or old. We award the prize to Mr. A. J. Perman, Bloomfield, St. Swithin's Road, Bournemouth, for the following:—

THE CHURCH AT RHOSILI, GLAMORGAN.

A tiny village, storm-swept, clinging as if for its very life to the cliff edge. On the one side of the promontory irregular, indented bays with gleaming sands fresh gold at every tide; on the other a wide, gradual curve, open, empty, with the solitary down beetling above. Facing the grassy cape, with its precipitous sides and long-drawn fantastic prolongations, the village church—Rhossili—lonely as the seas and sands beneath, still and patient of the blasts as the crags and hills around. The rude shrine is venerable with age—a Norman arch remains amidst the rough masonry of undistinguished years. The tower is low, square, stern in its strength and its simplicity. Cunning beauty of stone were inharmonious here, in this realm of the unhindered winds, this despotism of the storms. Within all is plain and bare, the walls unadorned, the pulpit, the altar sufficient for their sacred office and no more. 'Tis a sanctuary of poverty, of rugged labour, of solitude—such a solitude as leaves men slow of thought and clogged of speech, but one wherein their faith lives on, patient, stubborn, sublime. How touching the sight of this lonely, forgotten temple of the Lord, whose very worship is so often drowned by the stormy winds "fulfilling His word"! How eloquent of a need that endures through all ages and in all lives, the longing to bow before that One who reigns so visibly and so majestically here!

Other replies follow:—

SANTA-MARIA-IN-PORTO-FUORI (SEAR RAVENNA).

Green marth, level and infinite as the sea, stretching where once the Adriatic was. A round tower; brown, severe, profoundly unemotional; the only landmark in a world of rice-fields. That tower was once a Roman pharos, lighting ships to the great port of Classis: when the sea withdrew, the Church claimed it, for the lighting of other ships to other havens. Beside it a mass of dingy brickwork—the basilica of S. Maria in Porto Fuori: the outside, now ruinous, built only for material work in a material world, the inside retaining that austere magic of the perfect basilica, which relies on the arts of proportion for dignity and loveliness. Doorless, a farmyard gate dividing green mouldering nave from greener path; damp, disused, robbed of her ornaments; S. Maria, like an empress in poor circumstances, still creates the illusion of magnificence. Before Destiny overtook her, Giotto, bringing pupils from Rimini, taught them to paint the dream of the Trecento on the Sanctuary walls. Coloured shadows now, they smile graciously in the sunlight—the loveliest Death of Mary in North Italy, that exquisite vision called the Mystical Institution of the Mass. Fading in the marsh-damp, these still exhale a subtle, imperishable fragrance, strange, and remote from the arrogant arts of Ravenna. One looks back from their delicate company, past the ordered harmonies of the nave—back again to the marshes, which shut this island of old piety from the world. It is to the marshes, after all, that we owe its piquant contrasts; the soul of Tuscany inhabiting the ashes of Byzance. [E. U. London.]

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

To one who saw it in a summer dawn, the Duomo of Milan will be always a splendour set apart, an aspiration fixed in marble. The low-lying mists drifted around it, so that its hundred spires, flushing

with the dawn, sprang from above the earth, each perfect beyond description, a gem of marble tracery. Every pinnacle, niched and carved with saints and angels, rose in a bewildering richness, until its spire, springing clear of tracery and fretwork, carried the heart up with it into a stainless sky. The whole great Cathedral, spire above spire, like Tennyson's enchanted city, "pricked with incredible pinnacles into heaven," dazzled white against deepest southern blue, until the eye wearied with too much beauty.

And what shall be said of the interior of all this splendour? It seems the more lovely soul within a beautiful body, the priceless gem within the precious casket, the embodiment of all things lovely and all things holy. The height of its fifty pillars with their canopied saints for capitals, the dusk of their vaulted arches interlaced, the richness and multitude of altars, the vastness of aisle and transept, these are things of which one may write. But to tell of the full glory of it is impossible, for its beauty is as the beauty of holiness, a prayer and an aspiration, whereby the heart is lifted to Heaven, as the incense is swung upwards by the chanting choirs. [M.C.M., Llanfarian.]

Competition No. 205 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best verses in memory of a Dog. Not to exceed sixteen lines.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 26 August, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Knowing (R. J.), Our Lord's Virgin Birth and the Criticism of To-Day (S.P.C.K.) 1/6
Wilson (Ven. James M.), Evolution and The Holy Scriptures (") 0/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Shaw (Bernard), Man and Superman: A Comedy and a Philosophy (Constable) 6/0
Thielston (Alfred Edward), Some Textual Notes on a Midsummer Nights Dream (Mathews) net 3/6
Hastie (Prof.), Oban Sonnets (Oliver)
Mitchiner (J. H.), Oranges and Lemons (Smith and Eble) net 2/0
Dobbs (Henry Robert Conway), Korah (Richard) net 3/6
Cassleton (Walter), Verses (") net 3/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Knight (A. E.) and Step (Edward), The Living Plant. Part I. (Hutchinson) net 0/7

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Stabbs (Laura), Stevenson's Shrine (Moring) net 5/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Ehrmann (M.), Abstracts of Impromptu Oral German Lessons (Hodgson) net 1/0
Burn (G. F.), First Stage Practical Plane and Solid Geometry (Olive) 2/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Tremayne (Harold), Protection and the Farmer (Isbister) net 1/0
MacDonald (J. Ramsay), The Zollverein and British Industry (Richards) 1/0
Rogers (Frederick) and Millar (Frederick), Old Age Pensions (Isbister) net 2/6

NEW EDITIONS.

- Hudson (W. H.), The Naturalist in La Plata (Dent) net 5/0
Hardy (Thomas), Wessex Poems (Macmillan) 3/6
George (Andrew J.), arranged by, Select Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge (Heath) net 2/6
Syle (L. Du Pont), Scott's Lady of the Lake (Heath) 1/6
Roper (William), Life of Sir Thomas More (Moring) net 1/6
Kingsley (Charles), Two Years Ago (Ward, Lock) 1/6
Nasmyth (James) and Carpenter (James), The Moon (Murray) net 5/0
Hawker (R. S.), Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall (Lane) net 5/0
Lingard's History of England (Bell) 5/6
Craik (Mrs.), The Head of the Family (Ward, Lock) 1/6
Le Queux (Wm.), Zoraida (") 0/6
Green (John Richard), A Short History of the English People. Part 20, (Macmillan) net 0/6
Wilson (Ven. James M.), Problems of Religion and Science (Macmillan) 0/6
Nimrod, The Life of a Sportsman (Methuen) net 2/6
Leech (J.), The Comic English Grammar (") net 2/6

PERIODICALS.

- London, Photo-Miniature, Printseller, North American Review, American Historical Review, Atlantic, Pall Mall, Review of Reviews.

